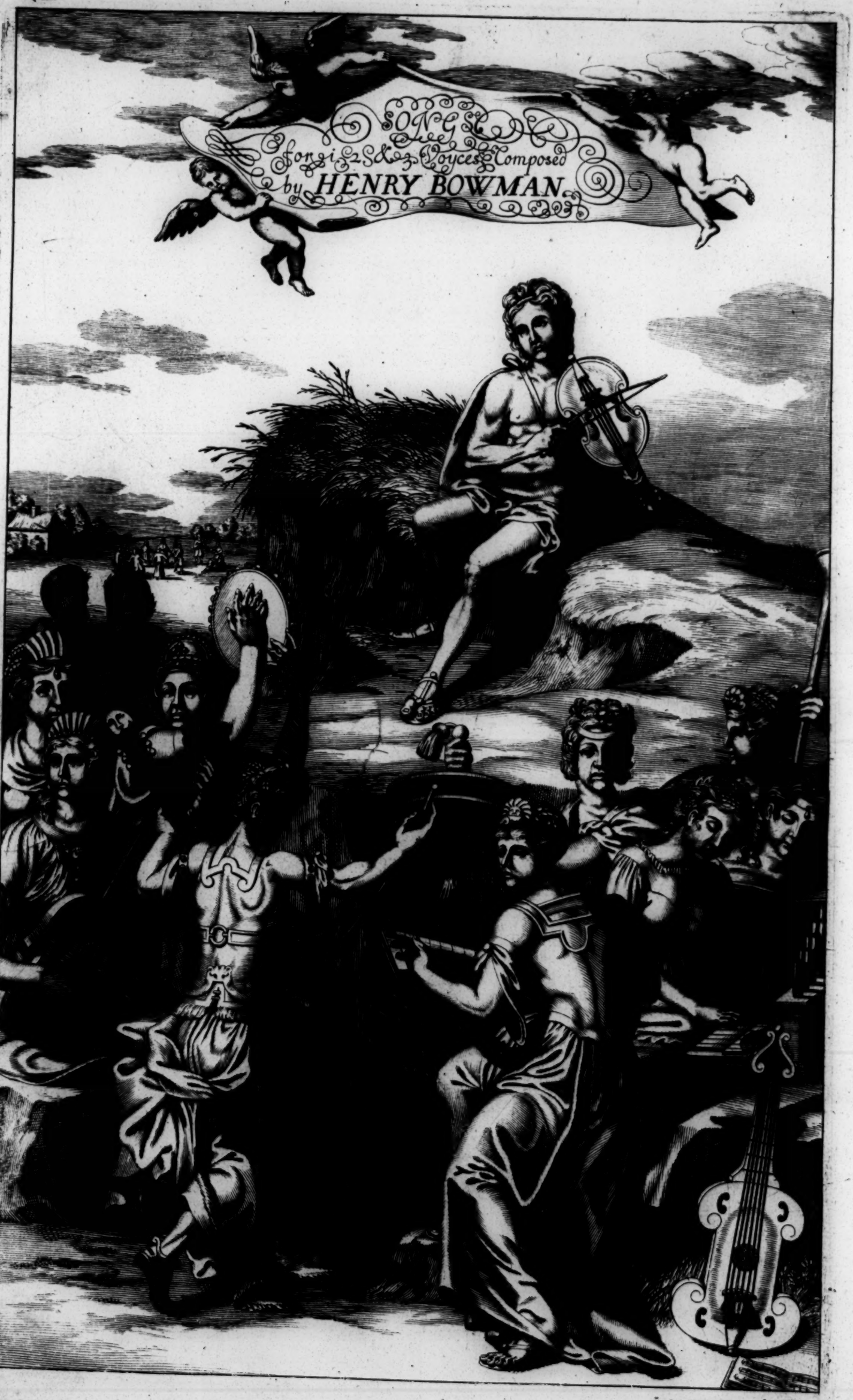

SONG
For 3 & 5 Voyces Composed
by HENRY BOWMAN

SONGS,

FOR

ONE, TVVO, & THREE VOYCES

TO THE

THOROW-BASS.

With ſome Short SYMPHONIES.

COLLECTED

Out of ſome of the Select Poems of the Incomparable

Mr. *COWLEY*, and Others.

AND

COMPOSED

BY

HENRY BOWMAN, Philo-Muſicus.

The Second Edition, Corrected and Amended by the *Authour.*

Imprimatur:

HEN. CLERKE,

Vice-Cancellarius *Oxon.*

Junii 12. 1677.

OXFORD,

Printed for *Ric. Davis.* In the Year *M.DC.LXXIX.*

To all true Lovers of

MUSICK.

WHILST *the Preſs almoſt in every Art and Science daily Teems with New Productions, I humbly preſume your truly Generous (becauſe Harmonious) Souls will at leaſt incline you to Excuſe, if not Accept this my firſt Eſſay in* Muſick; *a* Science *no leſs* Liberal *than the reſt, though not ſo generally encourag'd in this Age as formerly.*

'Tis true, ſome few of the Verſes have been Compos'd by others, partly before, and partly ſince I undertook them; but that being either unknown to me, or done only in Single Parts, I could not but ſo far gratifie thoſe Friends, who put them into my hands, as to contrive them together with the reſt, hitherto Compos'd by none, to be Sung by One, Two, or Three Voyces, to a Thorow-Baſs, *with ſome ſhort Symphonies, all which (to render the Notes more acceptable) you have here Printed off from Copper-Plates, and therefore I do not doubt their Pardon, all the Errors in the Firſt being diligently Corrected in this Second Impreſſion, by*

Your moſt Obliged, and

Affectionate Servant

H. B.

Violino primo.

Rituornello.

Bassus.

Returnello.

Awake ! awake ! awake my Lyre, & tel thy silent Masters humble

tale, in sounds that may prevail such sounds as gentle thoughts inspire.

Though so exalted she, & I so lowly be, tel her

such different Notes, make all thy Harmonie.

Retournello repetatur ut supra.

Violino secundo.

Ritornello

Violino.

Ritornello

Awake, awake, awake my Lyre, & tel thy silent Masters humble

tale, in sounds that may prevaile, such sounds as gentle thoughts inspire.

Though so exalted ..... she & I so lowly be.

tel her, such different Notes, make all thy Harmonie.

Awake, awake, awake my Lyre, & tel thy silent Masters

humble tale, in sounds that may prevaile, such sounds, as gentle

thoughts inspire, though so exalted she & I so lowly be

Ritornello al Supra

tel her, such different Notes, make all thy Harmonie.

Cantus primus.

Hark, hark, how the strings awake! & though the moving hand approach not near

themselves, with awfull fear, a kind of numerous trembling make. Now all thy

forces try, now all thy Charmes apply, revenge upon her- -ear

Ritornello

the Conquest of her eye. repetatur Weak Lyre

ut supra.

thy Vertue sure is useless here, since thou art only found to cure, but not to

wound, & shee to wound but not to Cure, to weak too milt thou prove, my passion

Ritornello

to remove, Physick to other Ills, thou'l Nourishment to Loue. repetatur ut supra.

Cantus secundus.

Hark! hark! how the strings awake, & though the moving hand approach not

near, themselves with awfull fear, a kind of numerous trembling make.

Now all thy forces try, now all thy Charmes apply, revenge

upon her ear the Conquest of her eye.

Retornello ut supra

Weak Lyre! weak Lyre thy vertue sure is uselesse here, since thou art only found

to Cure, but not to wound, & she to wound, but not to Cure, to weak to wilt thou

prove, my passion to remove, Physick to other Ills, thourt nourishment to Love.

Hark hark how ye strings awake & though ye moving hand approach not near,

themselves with awfull fear, a kind of numerous trembling make: Now all thy

forces try, now all thy Charms apply, revenge upon her ear the Conquest

of her Eye. Retornello ut supra

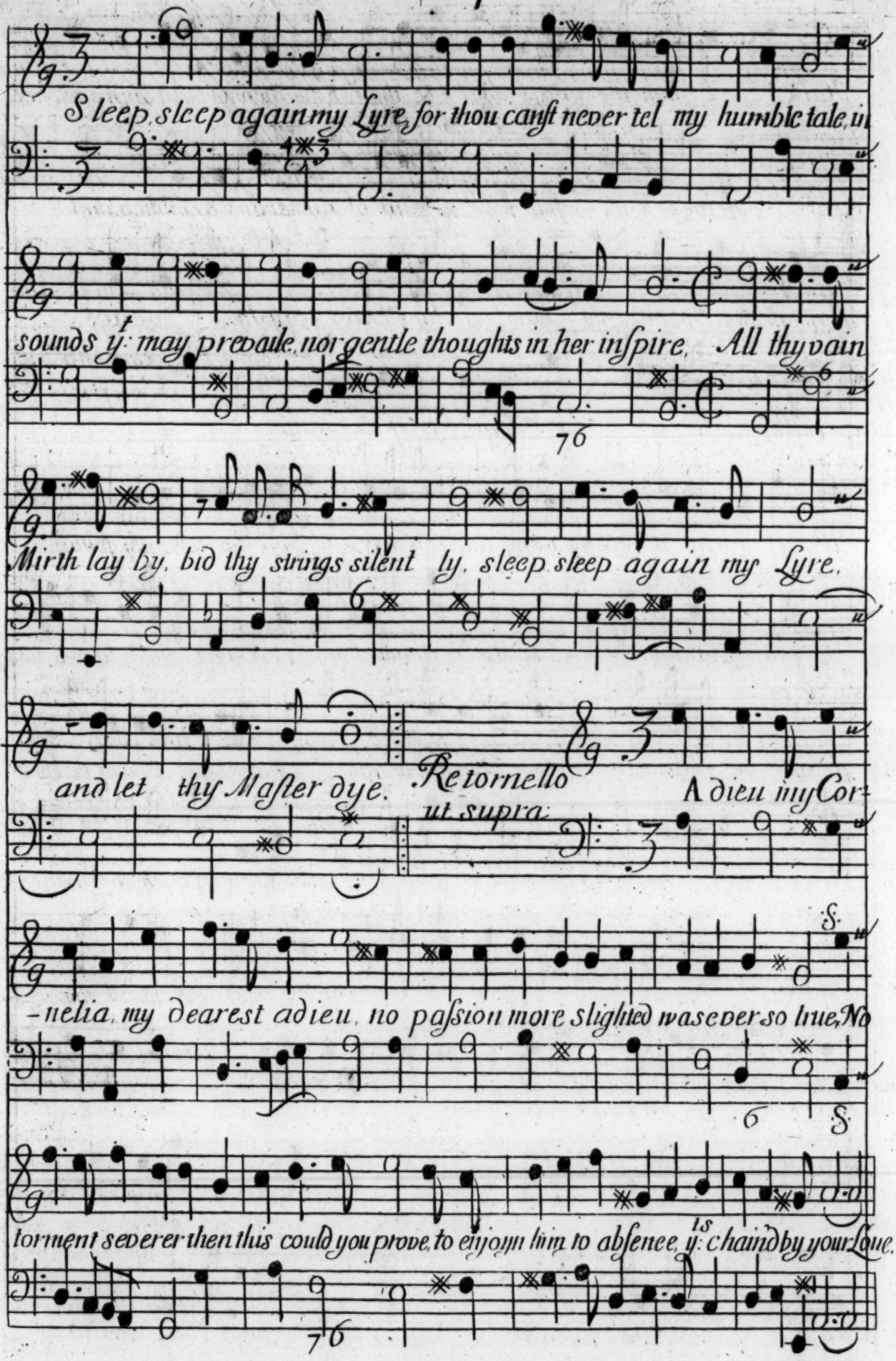
Weak Lyre, thy vertue

sure is useless here, since thou art only found to Cure, but not to wound,

& she to wound, but not to Cure, to weak too wilt thou prove, my passion to re-

-move, Physick to other Ills, thourt nourishment to Love. Retornello ut supra

Cantus primus.



Subdud by your Charms, you enflamd my desire,
Till a spark from your eye, set my heart all on fire,
O Cruelty shown, no offence but Loue known,
Exild & outlawd, by a hard heart of stone.

Cantus secundus.

Sleep sleep again my Lyre, for thou canst never tel my humble tale, in
sounds that may prevaile, nor gentle thoughts in her inspire, All thy vain
Mirth lay by, bid thy strings silent lye, sleep sleep again my Lyre, and
let thy Master dye.

Returnello ut supra.

Bassus.

Sleep sleep again my Lyre, for thou canst never tel my humble
tale, in sounds that may prevaile, nor gentle thoughts in her inspire,
All thy vain Mirth lay by, bid thy strings silent lye, sleep sleep a-
-gain my Lyre, and let thy Master dye.

Returnello ut supra

Cantus secundus.

Adieu my Cornelia my deareſt adieu, no paſsion more slighted was
ever more true, No torment severer then this could you prove, to enjoyn him to
absence, is chaind by your Loue.

Bassus

Adieu my Cornelia my
deareſt adieu, no paſsion more slighted was ever more true, No torment se-
verer then this could you prove, to enjoyn him to absence, is chaind by your Loue.

Cantus primus.

Ah Celia that I were but sure, thy Love like mine could stil endure,

that time & absence w:ch destroy, the cares of Lovers & their Joy,

could never rob me of that part, w:ch you have givn me of your heart.

loud soft

Others unenvyd might poſseſs, whole hearts & boaſt that happi-

l. s.

-neſs, twas nobler fortune to divide, the Roman Empire in her

l. s.

pride, then on some low & barbrous Throne, obscurely

placd to rule alone;

Cantus secundus.

Ah Celia that I were but sure, thy loue like mine could
still endure, that time & absence w:ch destroy, y:e Cares of
Lovers, and their Joy, could never rob me of that part w:ch you haue
giv'n me of your heart. Others unenvy'd might poſseſs,
whole hearts & boaſt that hap - pi-neſs, t'was nobler
fortune to divide, the Roman Empire in her pride,
then on some low & barb'rous Throne, obſcurely placd to rule alone.

Baſsus.

Ah Celia that I were but sure, thy love like mine could stil endure,
that time & absence w:ch destroy, y:e Cares of Lovers & their Joy,
could never rob me of that part w:ch you have giv'n me of your heart.
Others unenvyd might poſseſs, whole hearts & boaſt that happineſs,
'twas noblerfortune to divide the Roman Empire in her pride: then on some
low and barbrous Throne, obſcurely placd to rule alone.

Cantus primus.

All my past life is mine no more, the flying houres are gone, like transitory

dream's given ore, whose Images are kept in store, by memory alone.

what ever is to come is not, how can it then be mine, the present

moments all my lot, &c that as fast as it is got, Phillis is wholy wholy

thine. Then talk no more of Constancy, false hearts, &c broken Vowes,

if I by miracle can be, this long livd minute true to

Thee, it is all that Heav'n allowes:

Cantus secundus.

All my past life is mine no more, the flying houre's are gone,
like transi-tory dreams givn ore, whose Images are kept in store by
memory alone. what ever is to come is not, how can it then be
mine, the present moment's all my lot, & that as fast as it is
got, Phillis is wholy wholy thine. Then talk no more of Constancy,
false hearts & broken Vowes, if I by miracle can be, this longlivd
minute true to Thee, it is all that Heavn allowes.

Bassus.

All my past life is mine no more, the flying hours are gone, like transitory
dreams givn ore, whose Images are kept in store by memory alone.
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thine. Then talk no more of Constancy, false hearts & brok - - en Vowes, if I by
miracle can be, this long livd minute true to thee, it is all that Heavn allowes.

Cantus primus.

Morpheus ye humble God that dwells in Cottages & smoaky Cells, hates gilded
roofs & beds of down, & though he feares no Princes frown, flies from the Circle
of a Crown: Come I say, come I say, thou powerfull God, & thy leaden charming
Rod dipt in the Lethean Lake, ore his wakefull temples shake, lest he should

Chorus.

sleep lest he should sleep & never Wake. Nature alass why art thou so,
Nature alass why art thou so
obliged to thy greatest foe, sleep that is thy best repast yet of death it
obliged to thy greatest foe, sleep that is thy best repast, yet of death it
beares a taste, & both are the same are the same thing at last.
beares a taste, & both are the same are ye same the same thing at last.

Morpheus the humble God that dwells in Cottages & smoaky Cells hates gilded
roofs & beds of down & though he feares no Princes frown flies from ye Circle
of a Crown: Come I say come I say thou powerfull God & thy leaden charming
Rod dipt in the Lethean Lake, ore his wakefull temples shake, lest he should
sleep, lest he should sleep & never wake: Nature (alass) why art thou so,
obliged to thy greatest foe, sleep y^t is thy best repast yet of death it beares a taste
& both are the same are the same the same thing at last.

Bassus

Morpheus the humble God y^t dwells in Cottages & smoaky Cells, hates gilded roofs &
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Chorus

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obliged to thy greatest foe, sleep that is thy best repast, yet of death it
beares a taste and both are the same are the same the same thing at last.

Cantus primus.

Long have I sought where true Contentment dwells, in Courts in

Cities or in private Cells, in Courts in Cities or in private Cells;

But Courts I found were filld with empty ayre, Cities with noyse and

private Cells with care, Content I thought in honours seat might stay,

but that high Prospect made it speed away, Lowness breeds Joy but tottering

hights breed fear, where earth seems distant but ye danger near, I thought y^e

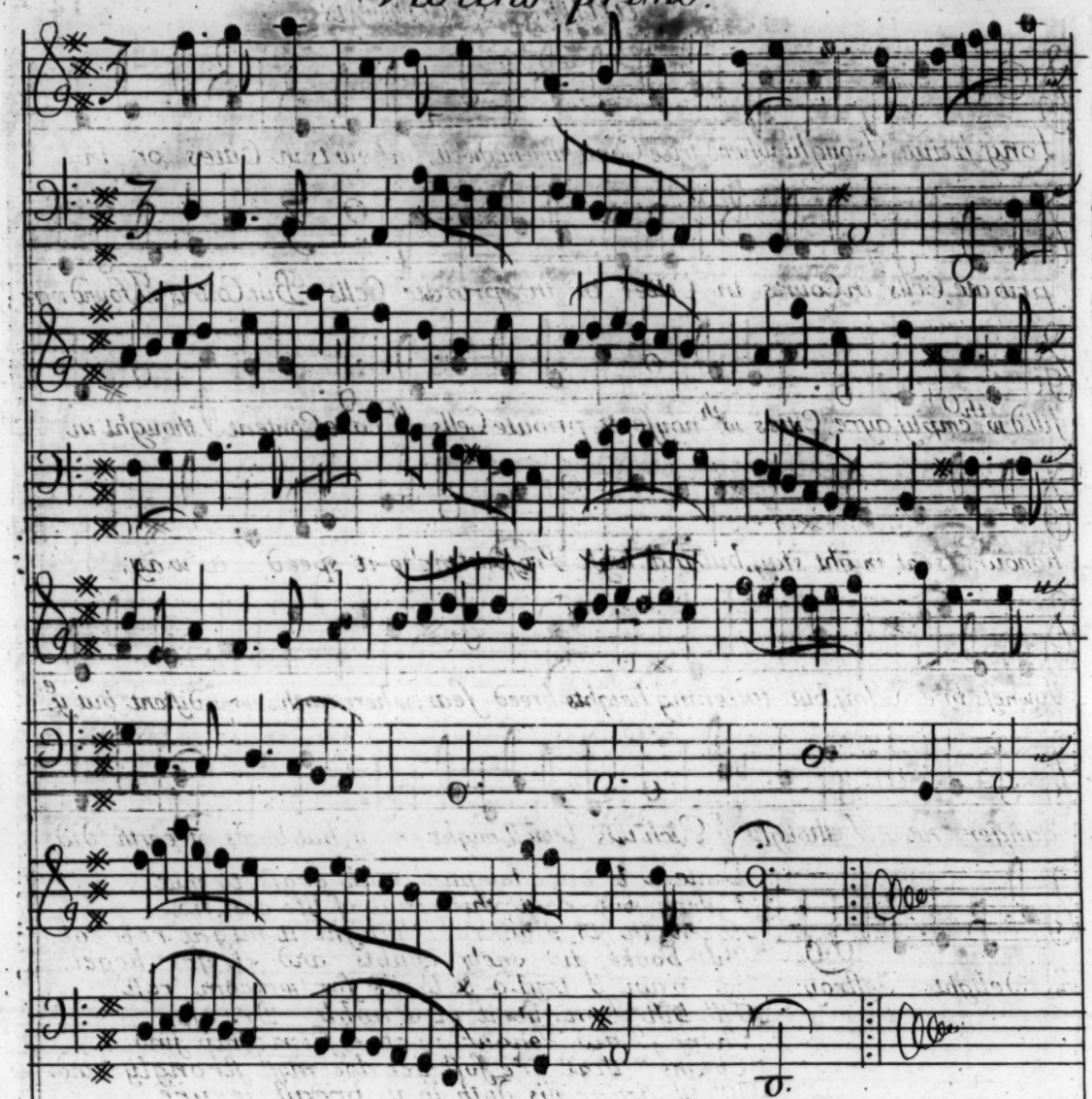
Rich this Jewell might enjoy, but loads of earth did his delights destroy;

Long haue I sought where true Contentment dwells, in Courts in Cities or in
priuate Cells, in Courts in Cities or in priuate Cells But Courts I found were
fill'd wth empty ayre, Cities wth noyse, & priuate Cells wth care Content I thought in
honour's seat might stay, but that high Prospect made it speed a way.
Lowness breeds Joy, but tottering heights breed fear, where earth seems distant but y^e^
danger near, I thought ye Rich this Jewell might enjoy, but loads of earth did
his delights destroy:

Content is pure, too pure with dross to mix,
Nothing but Soul, this Soul of life can fix:
At length to Books I thought it might retreat,
But books did onely doubts and strifes beget.
In vain I toyl'd & look'd for welcom rest,
Till last I sought it in a noble Breast,
There I did honour, virtue, friendship find.
Chains that are soft yet doe most strongly bind.
Whilst Amarillis doth that breast secure,
I can the Crosses of my fate endure:

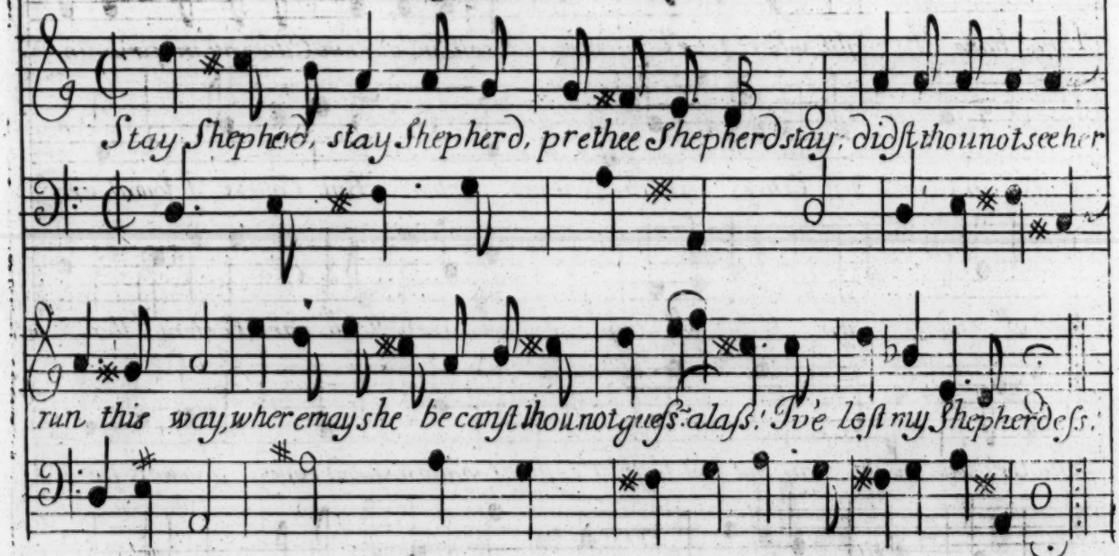
Long haue I sought where true Contentment dwells, in Courts in Cities or in priuate
Cells, in Courts in Cities or in priuate Cells; But Courts I found were
fill'd wth empty ayre. Cities wth noyse, & priuate Cells wth eare, Content I thought in
honour's seat might stay, but that high Prospect made it speed away. Lowness breeds
Joy but tottering heights breed fear, where earth seems distant but y^e^ danger near.
I thought the Rich this Jewell might enjoy, but loads of earth did his delights destroy:

Violino primo.



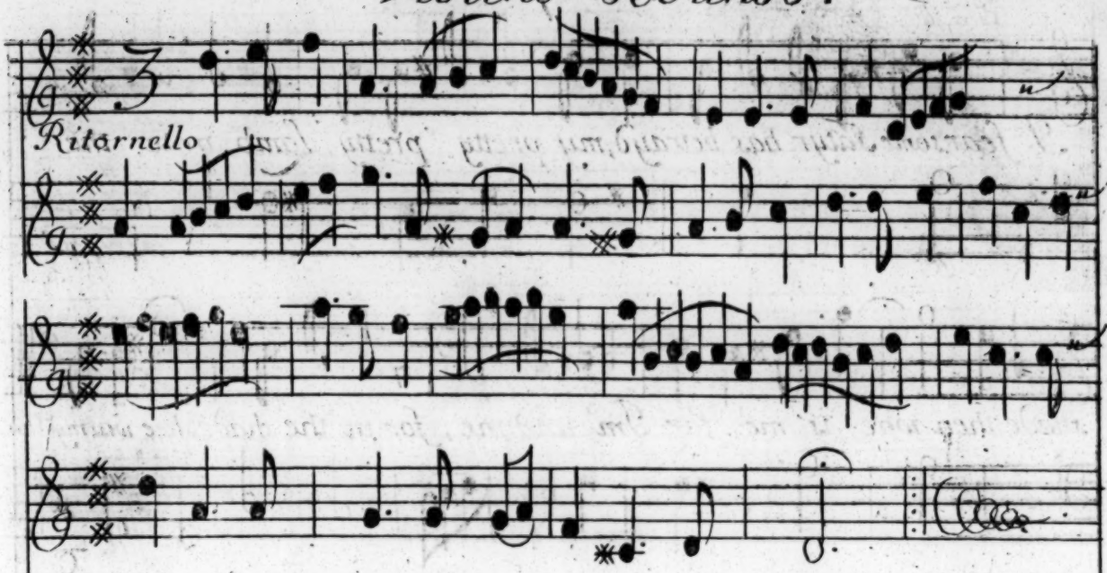
Cantus primus

Retornello tacet.



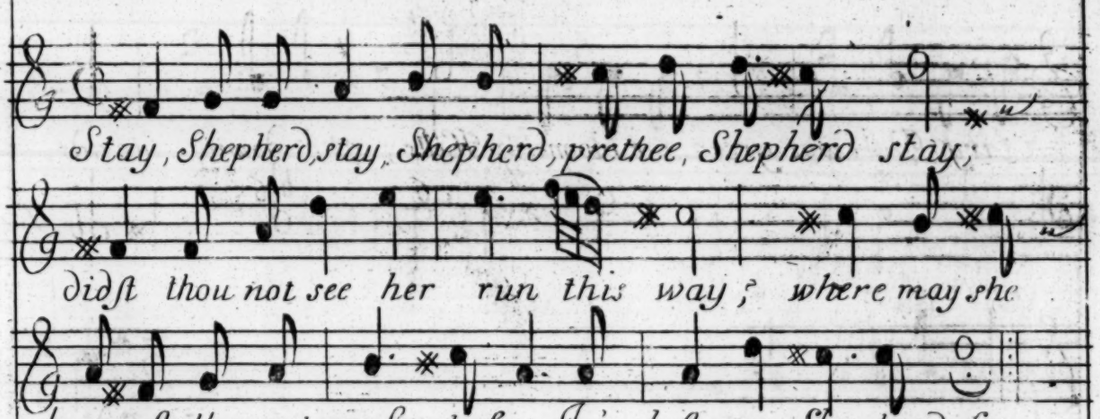
Retornello repetatur.

Violino secundo.

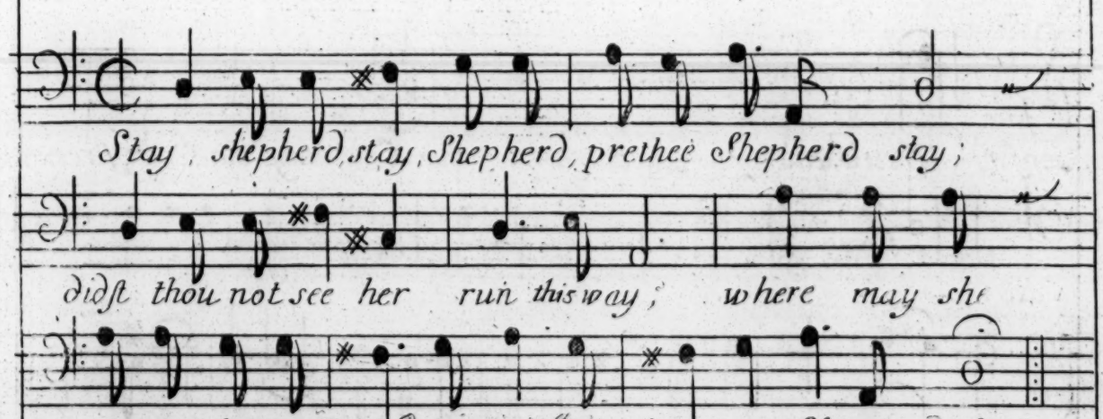


Cantus secundus.

Ritornello tacet.



Bassus:



Ritornello repetatur
ut supra.

Cantus primus.

I fear some Satyr has betrayd, my pretty pretty Lamb vnto the

shade, then woe is me, for I'm' undone, for in the shade shee was my Sun.

Retornello ut supra.

In summer heat, were shee not seen, no soli=

=tary Vale was green, the blooming Hills, the downy me-ads,

bear not a flower, but where shee treads; Retornello ut supra: Hush'd were ye

senseless Trees, when shee sate but to keep them Company, the Silver streams were

swell'd with pride, when shee sate singing, when shee sate singing by their side

Cantus secundus.

I fear some Satyr has betrayd my pretty pretty Lamb vnto the shade
then woe is me, for I'm vndone, for in the shade, for in the Shade shee
was my Sun: Retornello ut supra In Summer heat were shee not seen, no soli-
-tary Vale was greeny blooming hills, ye downy meads bear not a floiwr but
where shee treads: Retornello ut supra Hush'd were ye senseless Trees, when shee sate but to
keep them company, the Silver streams were swelld wth pride, when shee sate singing,
when shee sate singing by their side: Retornello ut supra

Bassus.

I fear some Satyr has betrayd, my pretty pretty Lamb vnto the shade, then
woe is me for I'm undone, for in the shade, for in the shad shee was my Sun:
Ritornello ut supra In Summer heat were shee not seen, no solitary Vale was greeny
the blooming Hills, ye downy meads, bear not a flower but where shee treads;
Hush'd were the senseless Trees, when shee sate but to keep them company, the Silver
Streams were swelld wth pride, when shee sate singing, when shee sate singing by their side;

Cantus primus

Ritornello ut supra

Next do I fly unto the Woods, where Flora

pranks her self with buds, thinking to find her there, but lo, the

Myrtles and the Shrubs say no, Then what shall I vnhappy doe,

or whome shal I complain vnto, no, no, here I'm re=

=solv'd to dye, No, no, no, – here I'm reſolvèd to

dye, welcome, welcome :// sweet death, and

desti – – ny:

Ritornello repetatur ut supra.

Cantus secundus.

Next do I fly unto the woods, where Flora pranks herself w:th
buds, thinking to find her there but lo; the Myrtles & the
shrubs say no: Then what shall I vn-happy doe,
or whom shall I complain unto: No, no, here I'm re-
=solv'd to dye, No, no, here I'm resolv'd to dye,
welcome welcome sweet death and des-tiny:

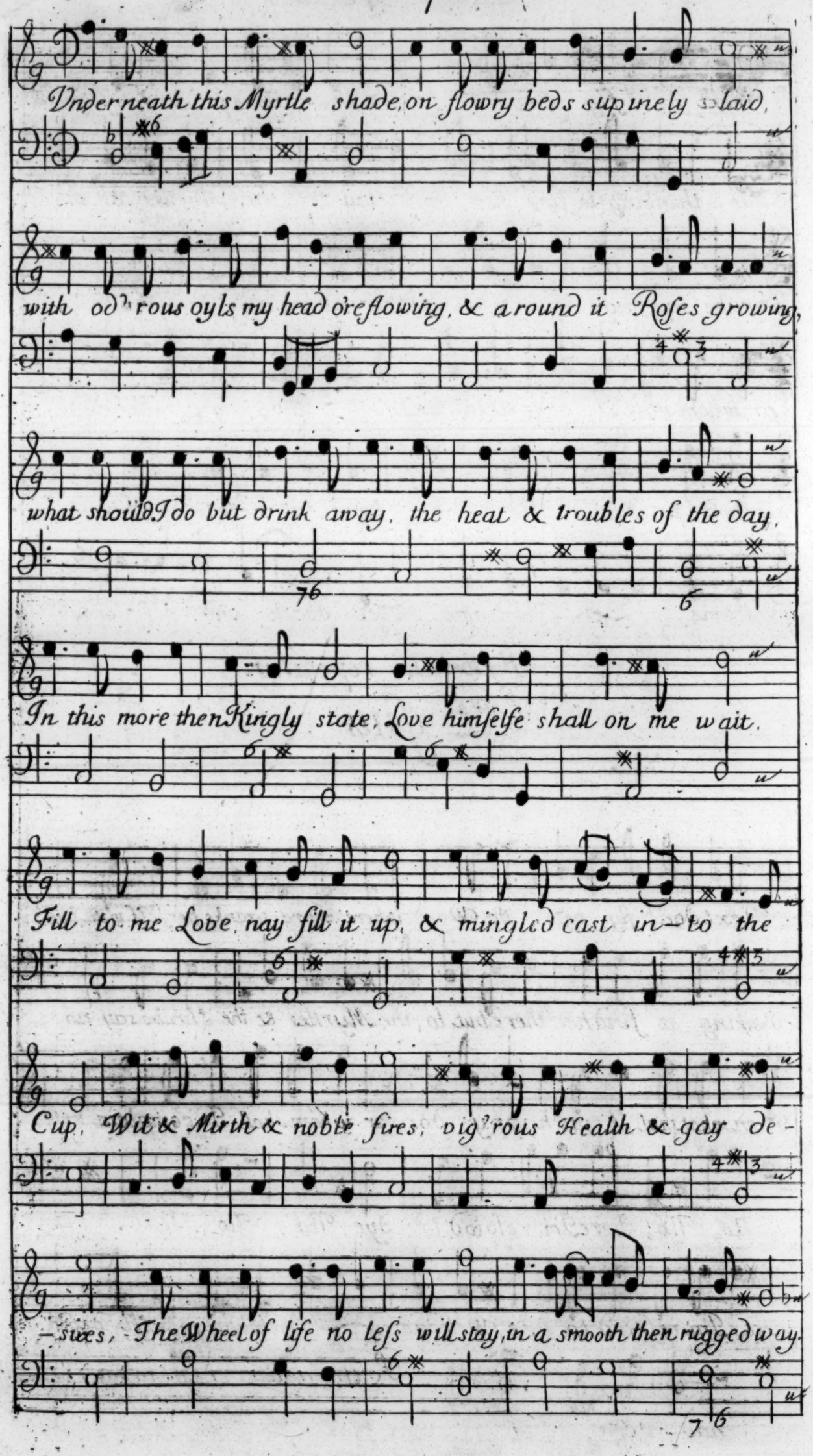
Retornello repetatur.

Bassus.

Next doe I fly vnto the Woods, where Flora pranks herself with buds,
thinking to find her there but lo; the Myrtles & the Shrubs say no:
Then what shal I vn happy doe, or whom shall I complain vnto;
No, No, here I'm resolv'd to dye, No, No, No,
here I'm resolv'd to dye, Welcome, welcome sweet death
and desti - ny:

Ritornello repetatur

Cantus primns


Vnderneath this Myrtle shade, on flowry beds supinely laid,
with od'rous oyls my head o'reflowing, & around it Roses growing,
what should I do but drink away, the heat & troubles of the day,
In this more then Kingly state, Love himselfe shall on me wait.
Fill to me Love, nay fill it up, & mingled cast in-to the
Cup, Wit & Mirth & noble fires, vig'rous Health & gay de-
-sires, The Wheel of life no less will stay, in a smooth then rugged way.

Cantus secundus.

Vnderneath this Myrtle shade, on flowry beds su=pinely laid, with odrous
oyls my head ore flowing, & around it Roses growing; What should I do but
drink away, the heat & troubles of the day. In this more then kingly state,
Love himself shall on me wait, fill to me love, nay fill it up, & mingled
cast in to the Cup, Wit & mirth & noble Fires, vigrous health & gay desires, The Wheel of Life no less will stay, in a smooth then rugged way.

Bassus.

Vnder neath this Myrtle shade, on flowry beds supinely laid,
with odrous oyls my head ore flowing & around it Roses growing,
What should I do but drink away, the heat & troubles of the day,
In this more then Kingly state, Love himself shal on me wait fill to
me Love, nay fill it up, & mingled cast in-to the Cup, Wit &
Mirth & noble Fires, vigrous health & gay desires, The Wheel of
Life no less will stay, in a smooth then rugged way,

Cantus primus

Since it equal - ly doth flee, let the motion pleasant be;

Why do we precious oyntments shower? nobler wines why do we

pour? beauteous flowers why do we spread upon the Monuments

of the dead? Nothing they but dust can shew, or bones y^t^ hasten

to be so. Crown me with Roses whilst I liue, now your

wine & oyntments giue, after death, after death I nothing craue, let me a-

-liue, my pleasures haue all are Stoicks in the Graue.

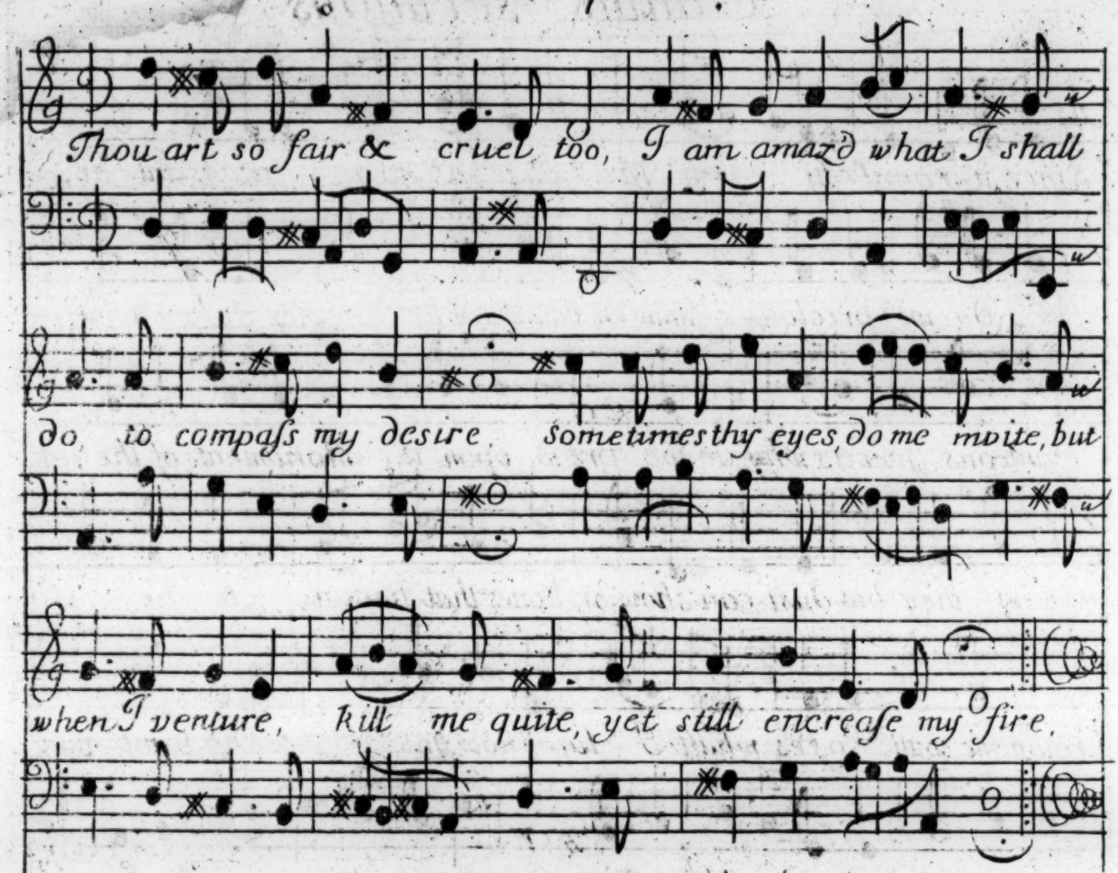
Cantus secundus

Since it equal=ly doth flee, let the Motion pleasant be;
Why do we precious oyntments shower; nobler Wines why do we pour;
beauteous flowers why do we spread, vpon the Monuments of the dead,
nothing they but dust can show, or bones that hasten to be so;
Crown me with Roses whilst I live, now your Wine & Oyntments giue,
after death, after death I nothing craue, let me alive my pleasures haue,
all are Stoicks in the Graue.

Bassus

Since it equally doth flee, let the Motion pleasant be, Why do we
precious Oyntments showr, nobler Wines why do we pour, beauteous flowers why
do we spread vpon the Monuments of the dead, Nothing they but dust can
show, or bones that hasten to be so. Crown me with Roses whilst I
liue; now your wine & Oyntments giue, after Death after Death I
nothing craue, let me alive my pleasures haue, all are Stoicks in the Graue.

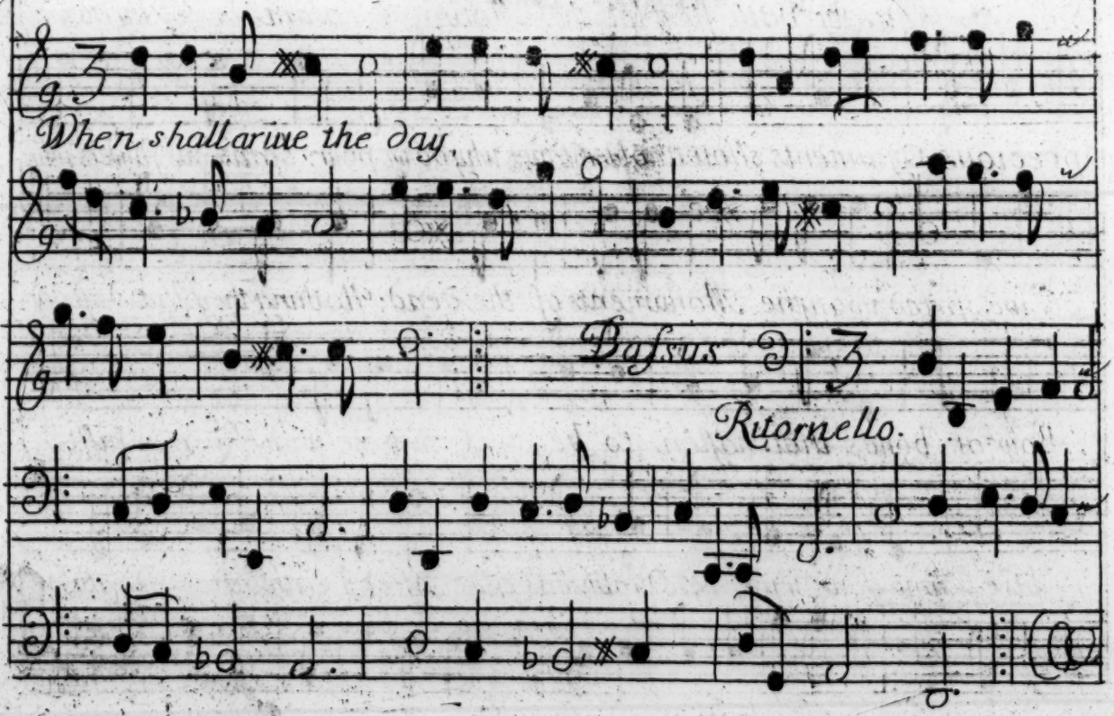
Cantus primus.

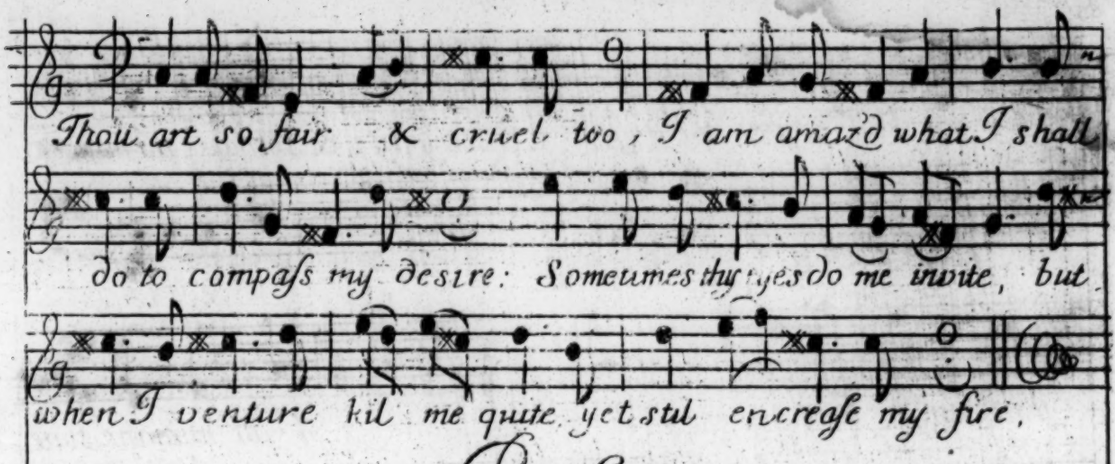


Oft haue I tryd my loue to quell,
And thought its fury to repell,
Since I no hopes can find.
But when I thinke of leauing thee,
My heart as much doth torture me,
As it would rejoyce if kind.

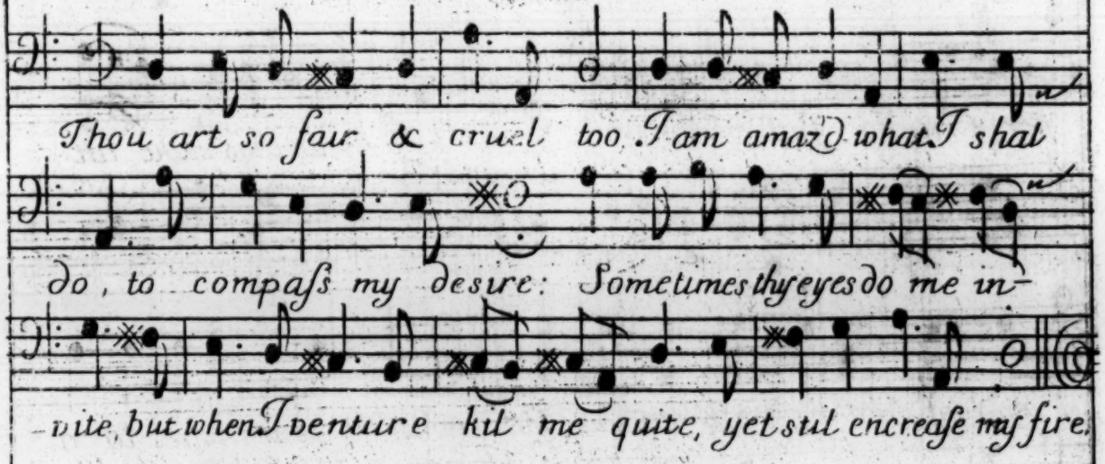
Ritornello

Violino secundo.





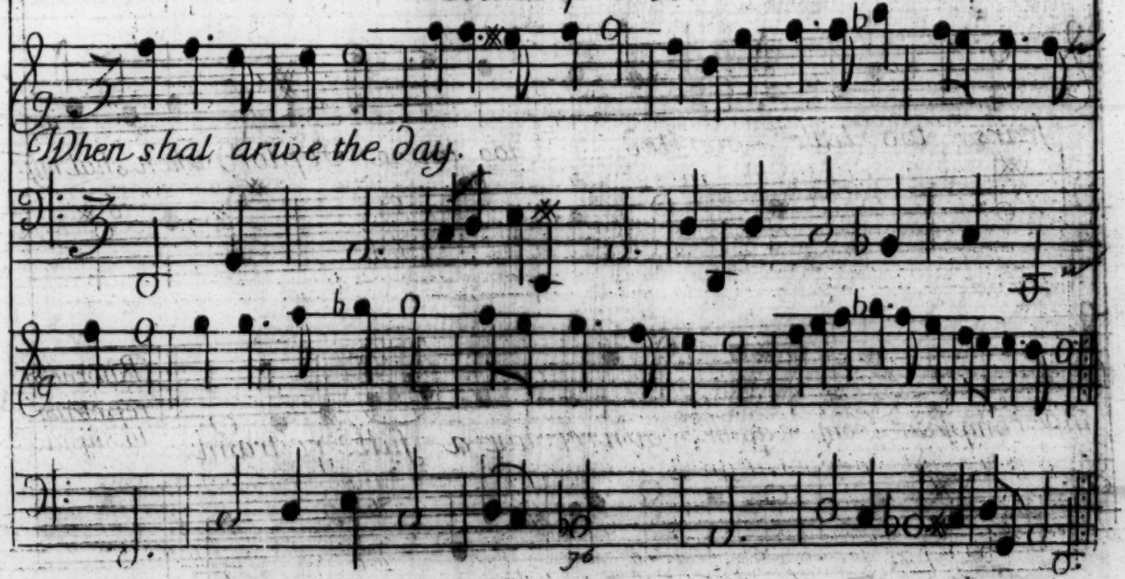
Bassus.



I stil must loue though hardly usd,
And never offer but refusd:
Can any suffer more.
Be coy be cruel do thy worst,
Though for thy sake I am accurst,
I must and will adore.

Ritornello

Violino primo.



When shall arive the day, that must my life & sorrow terminate,

that angry fortune may, the Tyrant Goddess of all humane state,

her Cruelty full-filling by one kind death thus make an

end of killing: When shall my troubled years, be to a

verdent Grave of flowers restord, my injuries my

fears, too little merited too much deplord when shal my

just complaint from equall Heav'n receaue a full restraint.

Ritornello repetatur ut supra.

Whenshall arive the day, that muſt my life & ſorrow termi=
=nate, that angry fortune may, the Tyrant Goddeſs of all
humane state, her Cruelty full-filling, by one kind Death thus
make an end of killing: Whenshal my troubled years, be to a
verdent Grave of flowers reſtord, my injuries my fears, too little
merited too much deplord, whenshal my just complaint, from
equall Heavn receiue a full restraint.

Ritornello ut supra.

Baſsus.

When shal arive the day, that muſt my life & ſorrow terminate,
that angry fortune may, the Tyrant Goddeſs of all humane state,
her cruelty full = filling, by one kind Death thus make an end of
killing: Whenshal my troubled years be to a verdent Graue of flowerste=
=ſtord, my injuries my fears, too little merited too much deplord,
whenshal my juſt complaint of equall Heavn receiue a ful reſtraint.

Ritornello ut supra

Cantus primus.

Now I am thrown thus low, what more can be desird by cruel fate,

no hopes my sad thoughts know of re in=joying that past happy

state, o my afflicted mind, death wouldst thou come, death

wouldst thou come, a welcome thou shouldst find.

Chorus.

Violino primo

With patience quite forlorn, I passe ỹ years & months in so=litude,

the ev'ning & the morn, by them my hopes stil striving to delude

Canlus secundus.

Now I am thrown thus low, what more can be desird by crutel

fate, no hopes my sad thoughts know of rein=joy=ing

that past happy state, o my afflic-ted mind Death

Death wouldst thou come, death, wouldst thou come, a welcom thou shouldst find.

Now I am thrown thus low what more can be desird by cruel

fate, no hopes my sad thoughts know, of rein-joying that past

happy State, o my afflicted mind. Death wouldst thou come,

Chorus

Death Death wouldst thou come, a welcome thou shouldst find.

Violino secundo.

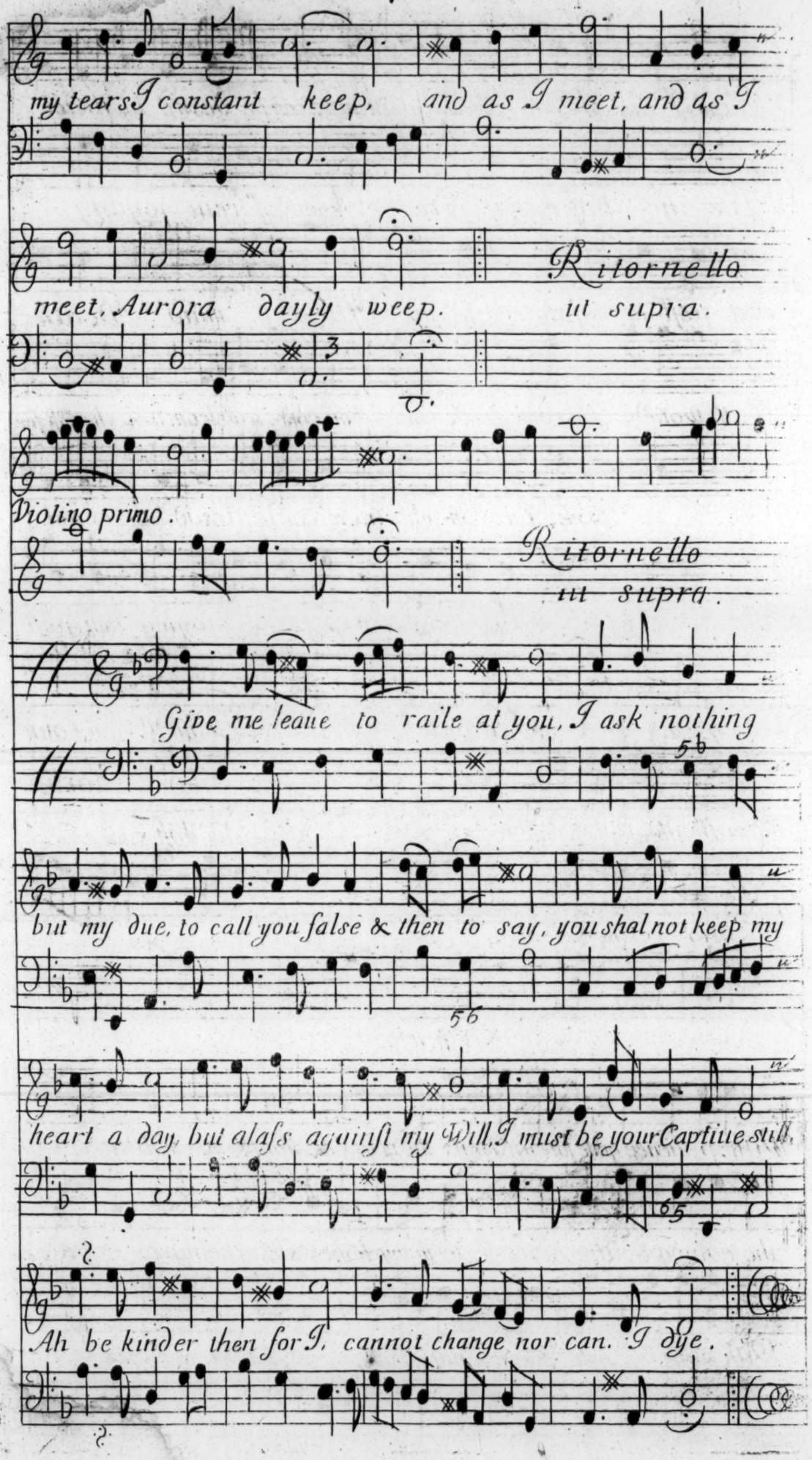
Chorus

With patienee quite forlorn, I pass the years & Months in solitude,

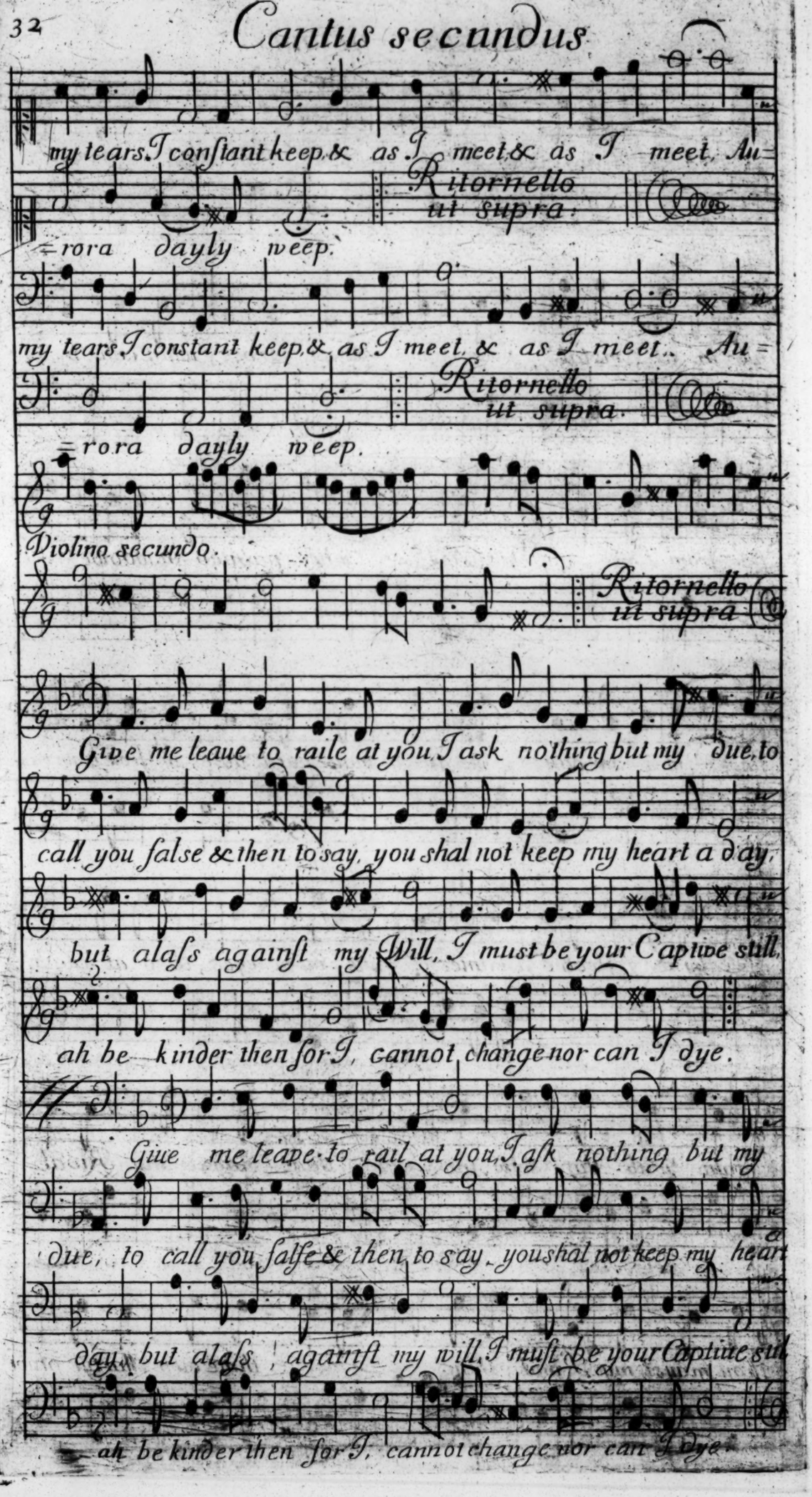
the evning & the morn, by them my hopes still striving to delude.

With patienee quite forlorn, I pass the years & Months in solitude,

the evning & the morn, by them my hopes still striving to delude


my tears I constant keep, and as I meet, and as I
Ritornello
meet, Aurora dayly weep. ut supra.
Violino primo.
Ritornello
ut supra.
Give me leaue to raile at you, I ask nothing
but my due, to call you false & then to say, you shal not keep my
heart a day, but alass against my Will, I must be your Captiue still,
Ah be kinder then for I, cannot change nor can. I dye.

Cantus secundus



Cantus primus

Cast Clariſsa, cast Clariſsa, cast that glaſs away,
nor in its Cristal face thine owne survey, what can be
free from Loves imperious lawes, when painted shaddowes reall
fla-- més can cause, the fires may burn thee, w: from y mirrour
rise, by the reflected Beames of thine owne eyes, & so at length
faln with thy selfe in Love, thou mayst my Rival,
thou mayst my Rival, thou thine own Martyr prove

Cantus secundus.

Cast Clarissa, cast that glasse away, nor in it's Cristall
Cristall face thine owne survey; what can be free what can be
free from loves Imperious Lawes, when painted shaddowes reall
fla... mes can cause: the fires may burn thee wch from yt mirrour
rise. by the reflected Beams of thine owne eyes, & so at length
faln with thy self in Love. thou mayst my Rival thou may'st my
Rival thou mast my Rival thine owne Martyr prove.

Bassus.

Cast Clarissa cast yt glasse away, nor in it's Cristal face thine
owne survey, what can be free from loves Imperious Lawes, when painted
shaddowes reall fla... mes can cause; the fires may burn thee
may burn thee wch from that mirrour rise, by ye reflected beams reflected
Beams of thine owne eyes, & so at length faln with thy self in Love.
thou may'st my Rival thou may'st thou thine owne Martyr prove

Cantus primus.

But if thou dost desire thy form to view, look in my heart where love
thy picture drew, & then if pleasd with thine owne shape thou be, learn
how to love thy selfe by loving me, learn how to love thy selfe by loving me.

Cantus primus.

So now the Joy-full feast is come, let every man be jolly,
each Room with Ivy leaves is drest & every Post with Holly.
Though some Churles at our Mirth repine, round our foreheads Garlands
twine, drown sorrow in a Cup of Wine, & let us all be merry.

But if thou dost desire thy form to view, look in my heart where Love
thy picture drew, & then if pleasd with thine owne shape thou be,
learn how to love thy selfe by loving me. learn how by loving me.
But if thou dost desire thy form to view, look in my heart where Love
thy picture drew, & then if pleasd with thine owne shape thou be, learn how to
love thy self by loving me. learn how to love thy self by loving me.

So now the Joyfull feast is come, let every man be jolly,
each Room with Ivy leaves is drest, & every Post with Holly,
Though some Churles at our Mirth repine, round our foreheads Garlands
twine; drown sorrow in a Cup of Wine, & let us all be merry;
So now the joyfull feast is come, let every man be jolly,
each Room wth Ivy leaves is dreft, & every Post with Holly;
Though some Churles at our Mirth repine, round our foreheads Garlands
twine; drown Sorrow in a Cup of Wine, & let us all be merry;

Cantus primus

Nay do not blush, that now I know, what you un-

-willing what you un-wil-ling, what you unwilling are to

show, it must my fair, it must my fair, it must my

fair, it must be so my fair, in vain you strive

that to deny, wch I so eas'ly can discry, I'm

sure you love as wel as I. you love as wel as

I. as wel as I. as wel as I. you love as well as I.

Cantus secundus.

Nay do not blush that now I know, what you un-
-willing what what you unwilling are to
show, it must be so it must be so it must my
fair, it must be so my fair in vain you strive,
that to deny, that to deny wch I so easly can dis-
-cry, I'm sure you loue as wel as I you love
as wel as I. as well as I you love as wel as I.

Bassus.

Nay do not blush that now I know, what you unwilling what you un-
-willing what you unwilling are to show, my
fair it must be so. it must be so my fair in vain you
strive, that to deny wch I so easly can discry, I'm
sure you love as well as I. as well as I. you love
you love as well as I. as wel as I. you love as wel as I.

Cantus primus.

What cre you say your eyes are kind, obleiging smiles betray your

mind, Love see's sometimes for all he's blind. then lay aside this

foolish shame, and bless your ravish'd Lovers flame, wth mutual

fires or you are to blame.

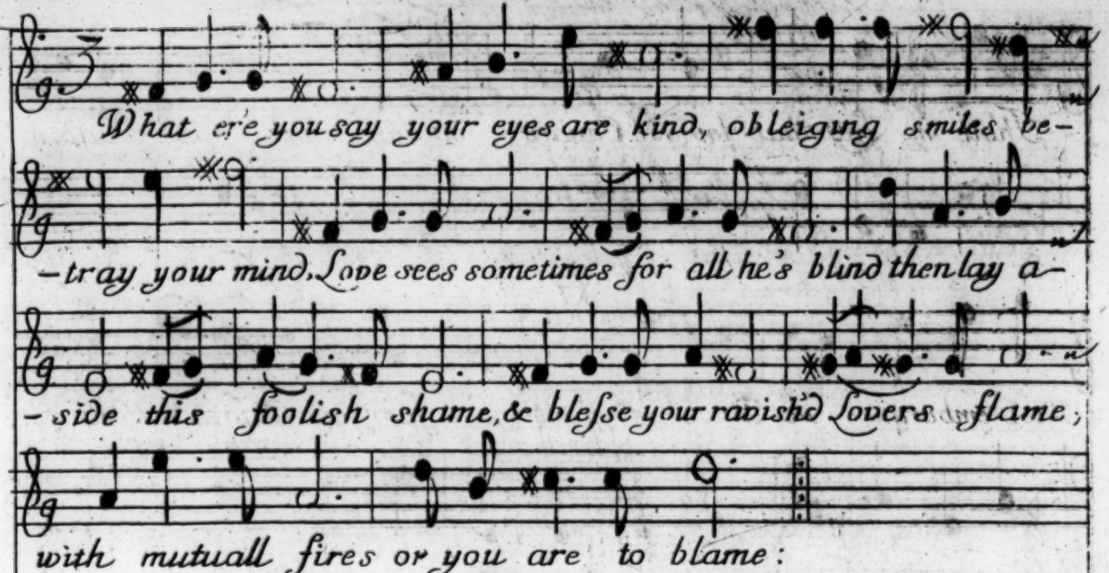
Cantus primus.

How charming are those pleasant pains, wch the succes's full

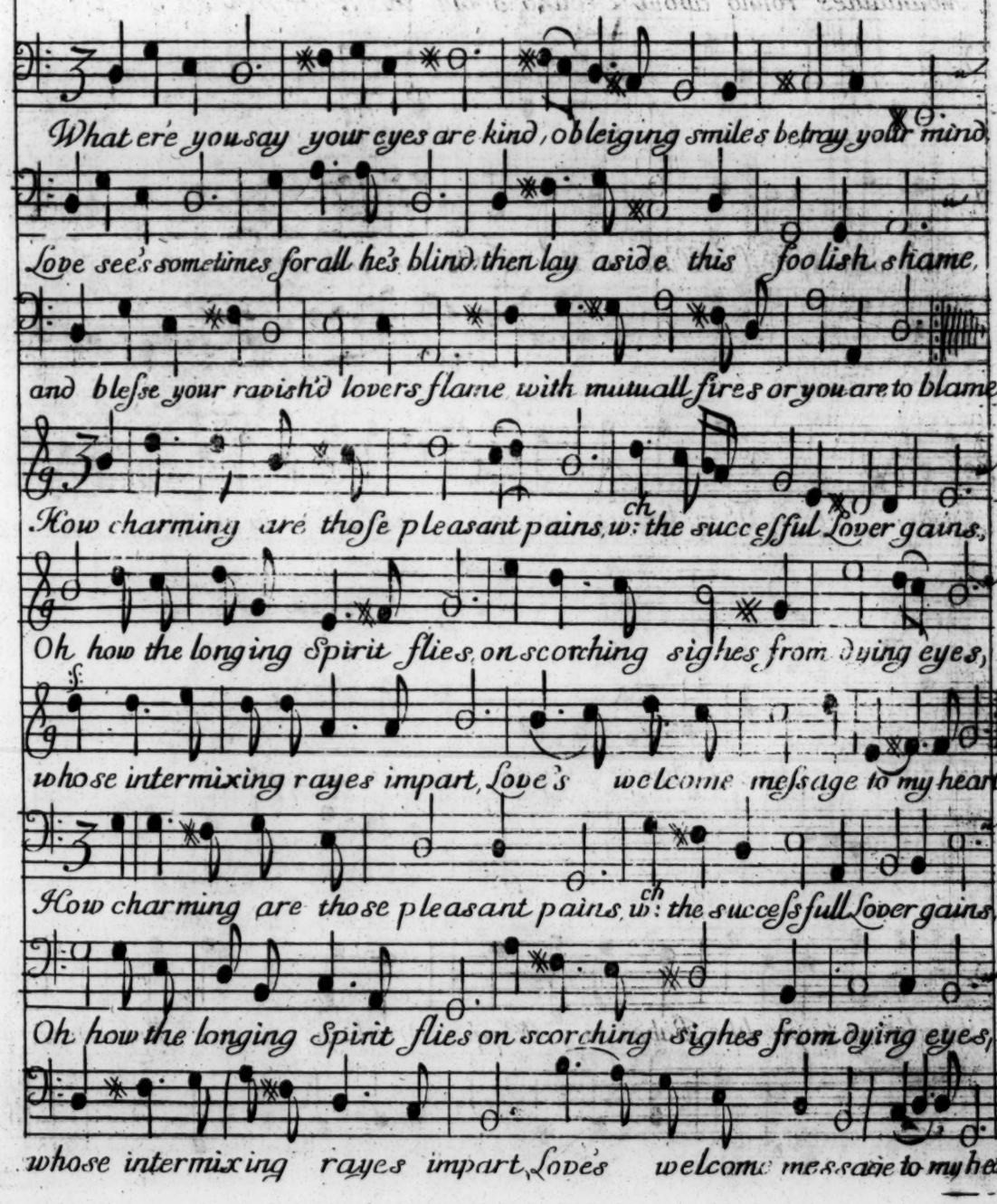
Lover gains, O how the longing Spirit flies, on scorching sighes from dying

eyes, whose intermixing rayes impart Love's welcome mes'sage to my heart.

Cantus secundus.



Bassus.



Cantus primus

Thou my Lad that lov'dst Canary, do not think vpon Vagary,

Wee'l embarque on Bacchus fountains, fancying Chaires & Stools for

Mountaines, round about & round about this Purple Vine, we will

drink our Spanish Wine, on the Table we will row, with the glasse no

further goe, Then let us tipple then let us tipple, like Babes on ye

Nipple, like Babes on ye Nipple, then let us tipple

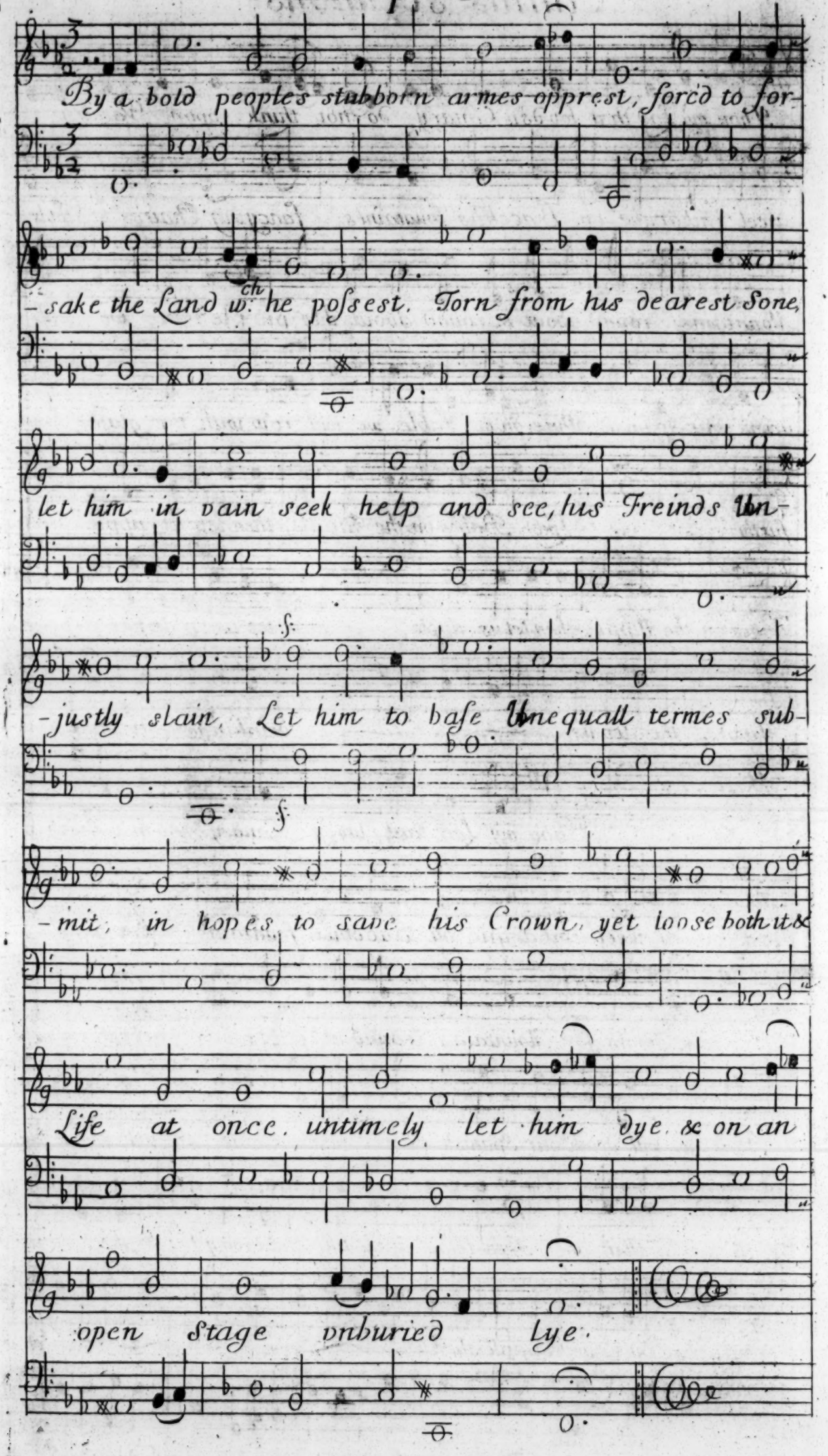
then let us tipple like Babes on ye Nipple, drinking up our Muscadine.

Cantus secundus.

Thou my Lad that lovdst Canary, do not think vpon Vagary,
weel embarque on Bacchus fouataines, fancying Chaires & Stools for
Mountains, round about & round about this purple Vine, we will
drink our Spanish Wine, on the Table we will row, with the glasse no
further goe: Like Babes on the Nipple, then let us tipple, like
Babes on the Nipple then let us tipple, then let us tipple like Babes ony
Nipple, then let us - - - - - drinking vp our Muscadine.

Bassus

Thou my Lad that loveſt Canary, do not think v-
-pon Vagary, weel embarque on Bacchus fountaines, fancying
Chaires & Stools for Mountains, round about & round about this purple
Vine, we will drink our Spanish Wine, on the Table we will row, with ye
glasse no further goe; Then let us tipple like Babes ony Nipple, then let us
tipple like Babes ony Nipple, then let - - - - - then let us
tipple like Babes ony Nipple, then let - - - - drinking up our Muscadine


By a bold peoples stubborn armes opprest, forcd to for-
-sake the Land wch he possest. Torn from his dearest Sone,
let him in vain seek help and see, his Freinds Un-
-justly slain, Let him to base Unequall termes sub-
-mit, in hopes to save his Crown, yet loose both it &
Life at once. untimely let him dye. & on an
open Stage vnburied lye.

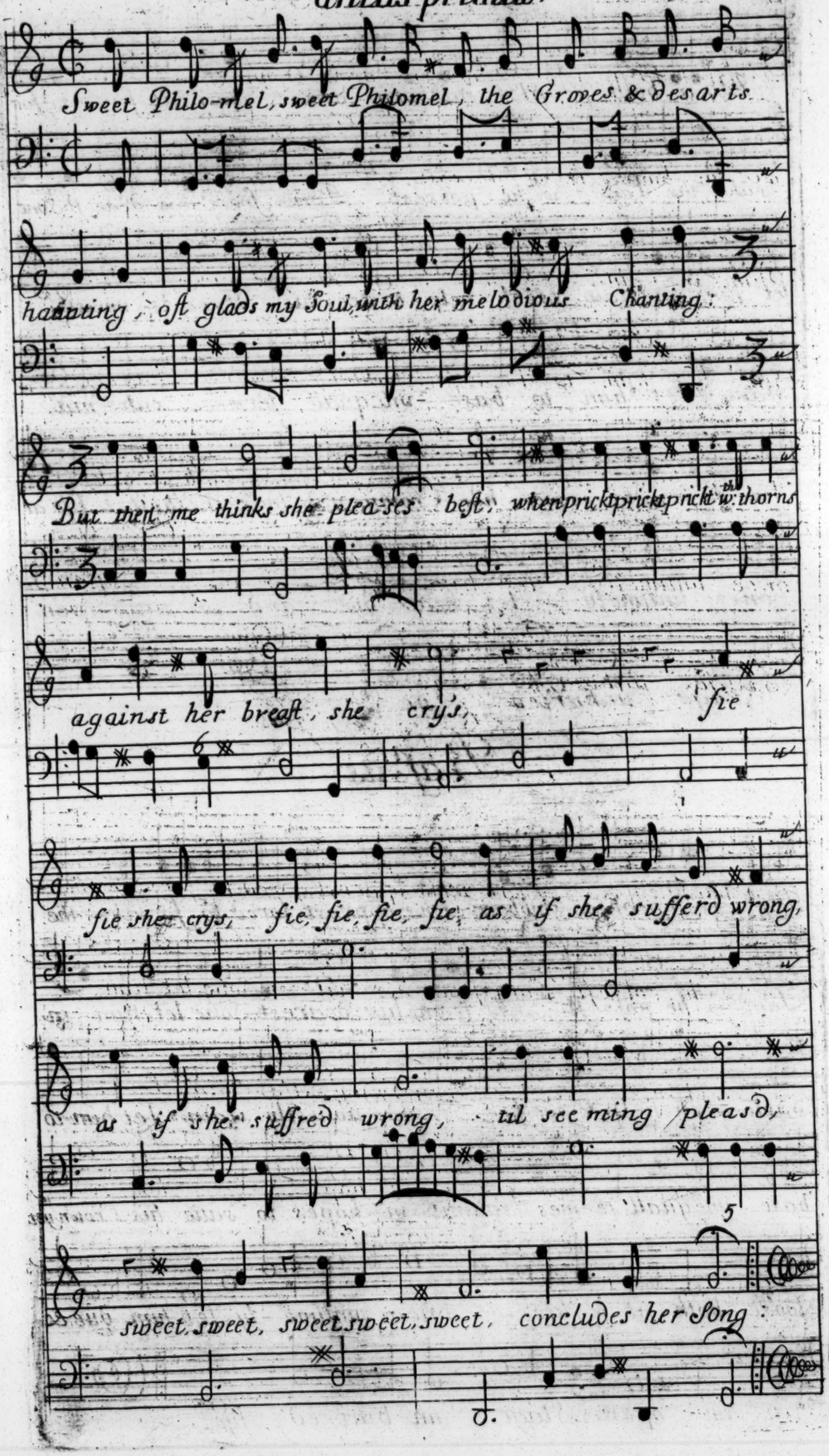
Cantus secundus.

By a bold peoples stubborn arms oppresst, forcd to for
-sake the Land w:ch he possest, Torn from his dearest Sone
let him in vain seek help & see, his Freinds unjustly
slain, Let him to base vnequall termes sub-mit,
in hopes to save his Crown, yet loose both it & life at
once, untimely let him dye, and on an open
Stage unburied lye.

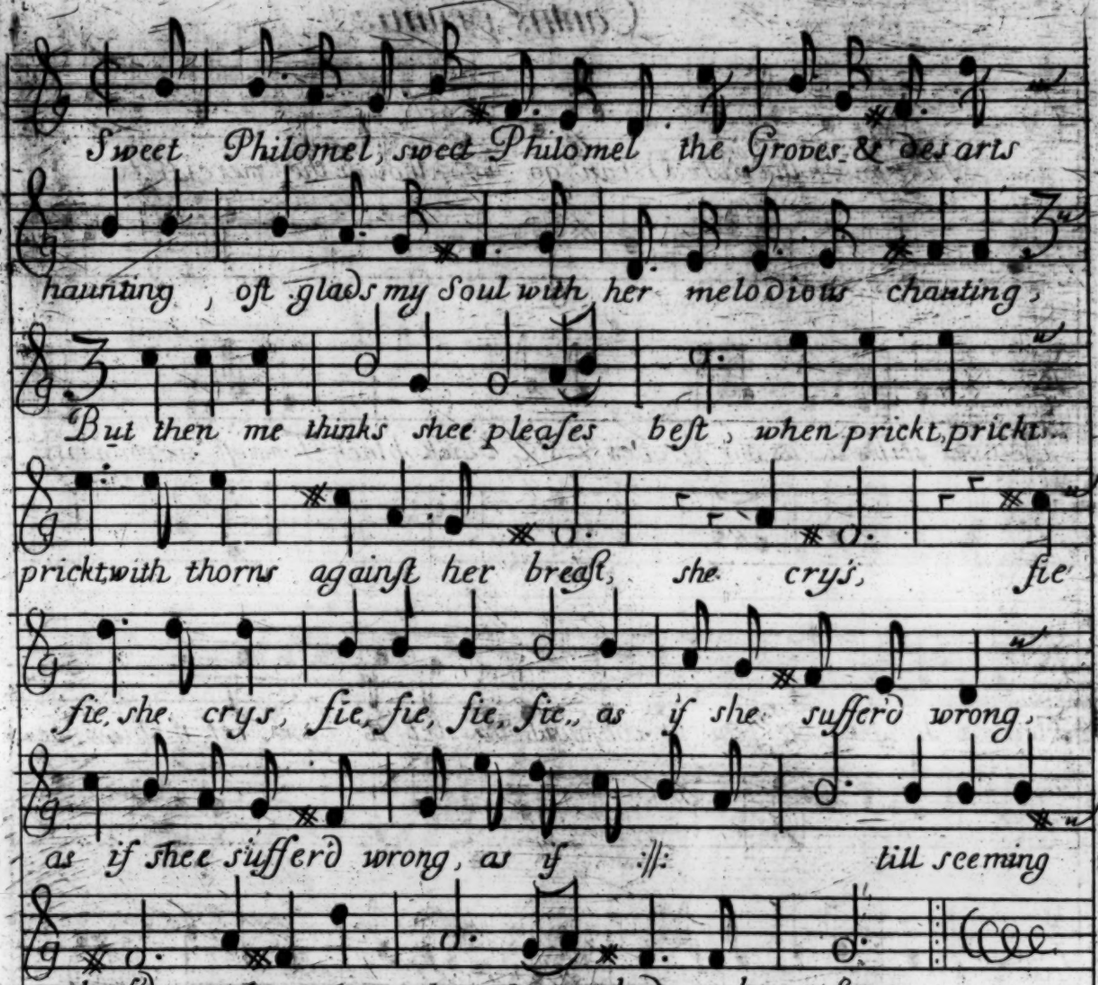
Bassus.

By a bold peoples stubborn arms oppresst, forcd to forsake the
Land w:ch he possest, Torn from his dearest Sone. let him in.
vain seek help & see, his Freinds unjustly slain, Let him to
base unequall termes submit, in hopes to saue his Crown yet
loose both it, & life at once, untime-ly let him dye, &
on an open Stage un buri-ed lye.

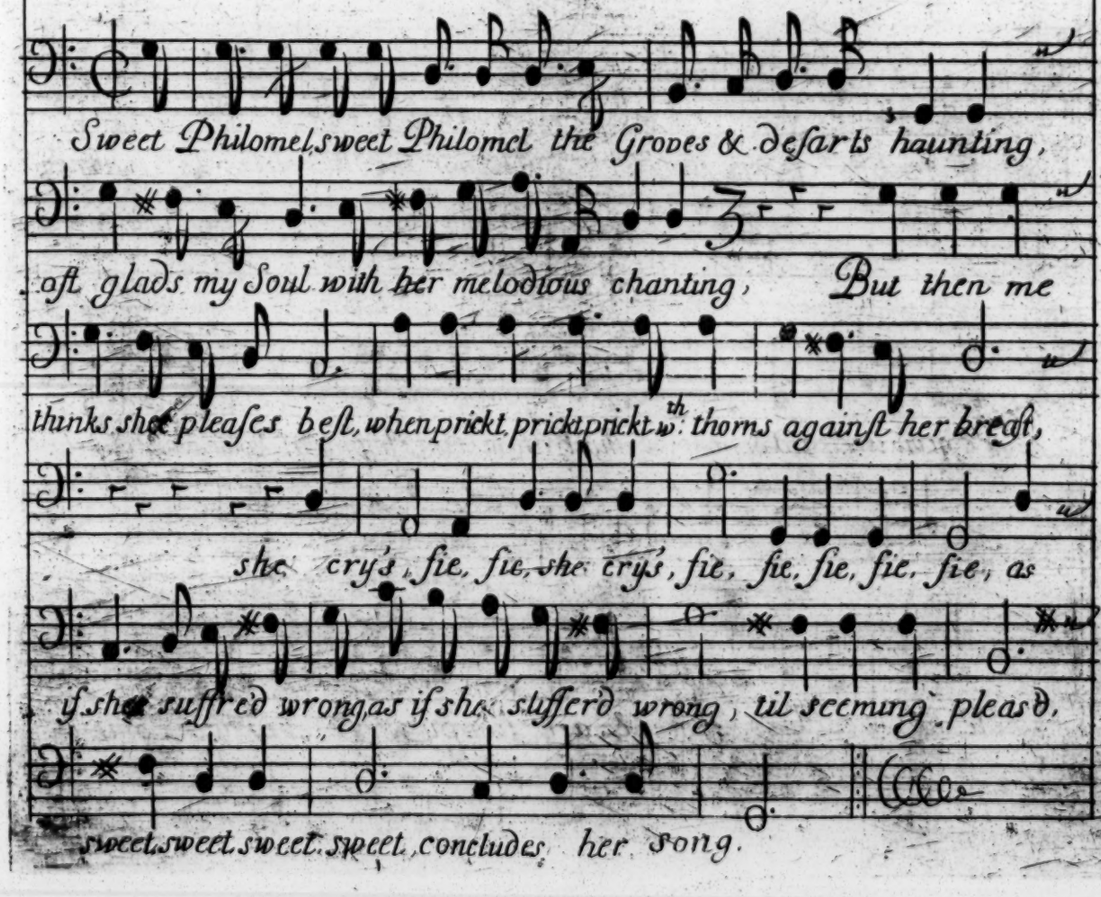
Cantus primus.



Cantus secundus.



Bassus.



Cantus primus.

To plough the wide Oeean go we, though the merci-les-

Waves stil shew us our Graves, & the black, black, Tempest surround us:

Though dangers & fear do confound us, let it blow, let it blow, we

care not a feather, for the cold Northwind nor the Rain, weel into the

Main & fear, & fear, neither Rocks nor the Weather: Let Landmentak

care grow wretched & poor, & think themselves happy at home, whilst freely

ramble to wealthier shores, & are happy where ever we come:

Cantus Secundus.

To plough the wide Ocean go we, though the merciless Waves stil shew us our graves, & the black, black, Tempest surroundus: Though dangers & fear do con-foundus let it blow, let it blow, we care not a feather, for the cold, Northwind nor the rain, weel into the Main, & fear & fear neither Rocks nor ye Weather: Let Landmen take care, grow wretched & poor, & think themselves happy at hom, whilst freely we ramble to wealthier shores, & are happy where ever we come.

Bassus.

To plough the wide Ocean go we, though the merciless Waves stil shew us our Graves and the black, black, Tempest surround us: Though dangers & fear do confound us, let it blow let it blow, we care not a feather for the cold Northwind nor the rain, weel into the Main and fear and fear neither Rocks nor the weather Let Landmen take care, grow wretched & poor, & think themselves happy at home, whilst freely we ramble to wealthier shores, & are happy where ever wee come.

I'l sing, I'l sing I'l sing of Heroes and of Kings in mighty

numbers in mighty numbers mighty things begin my Muse but

lo but lo the strings to my great Song, to my great song re-

bellious prove the strings wil sound, wil sound of nought but loue of

nought but loue, I broke them all & put on new I broke them all

and put on new t'is this or nothing t'is this or nothing

t'is this or nothing t'is this or nothing sure wil do.

I'le sing, I'le sing, I'le sing, of Heroes and of Kings in mighty

numbers, in mighty numbers mighty things, begin my Muse but lo, but lo the

Strings, but lo the Strings to my great Song rebellious prove, the Strings will

sound of nought but loue, of nought but loue, I broke them all, I broke

them all and put on new, I broke them all and put on new, 'tis this or

nothing, 'tis this or nothing, this or nothing, 'tis this or nothing sure will do:

Bassus

I'le sing, I'le sing, I'le sing of Heroes and of Kings, in mighty

numbers, in mighty numbers mighty things, begin my Muse, but lo,

but lo the strings to my great Song, to my great Song rebellious

prove, the strings will sound of nought but loue, of nought but loue, I broke

them all and put on new, I broke them all and put on new 'tis this or

nothing, 'tis this or nothing, 'tis this or nothing, 'tis this or nothing sure will do:

Cantus primus

These sure said I will me obey,

these sure said I, will me obey, these sure He-

roick Notes will play, Heroick notes, Heroick

Notes, Heroick Notes will play: Straight I beganw^th

Thun — — — — — dring thundring thundring Jov

and all the Im-mor tall powers, Immor tall powers,

Immor tall powers but Love

these sure said I, these sure said I, will me o-
-bey, will me obey these sure Heroick notes will
play Heroick notes Heroick notes Heroick notes will
play; Straight I began I began with thundring w.th Thun — — —
— — — — — — dring Jove and all the Immortall Im-
-mortall powers Immortall powers but loue but loue Immortall powers but loue.

Bassus

these sure said I, will me obey, will me obey said I,
will me obey, these sure said I, will me obey, these
sure Heroick notes will play Heroick notes will play Straight I be-
-gan I began w.th Thun — — — — — dring thundring Jove
and all the Immortall powers Immortall powers but loue but
loue Immortall powers Immortall powers — but loue:

Cantus primus

Love smild and from my en — feebled Lyre

came gentle airs, came gentle airs, such as in spire,

came gentle airs such as inspire, melting Love

mel — — — — — ting Love and soft desire.

Farwell farwell then Heroes farwell Kings, and mighty

numbers mighty things, love tunes my heart

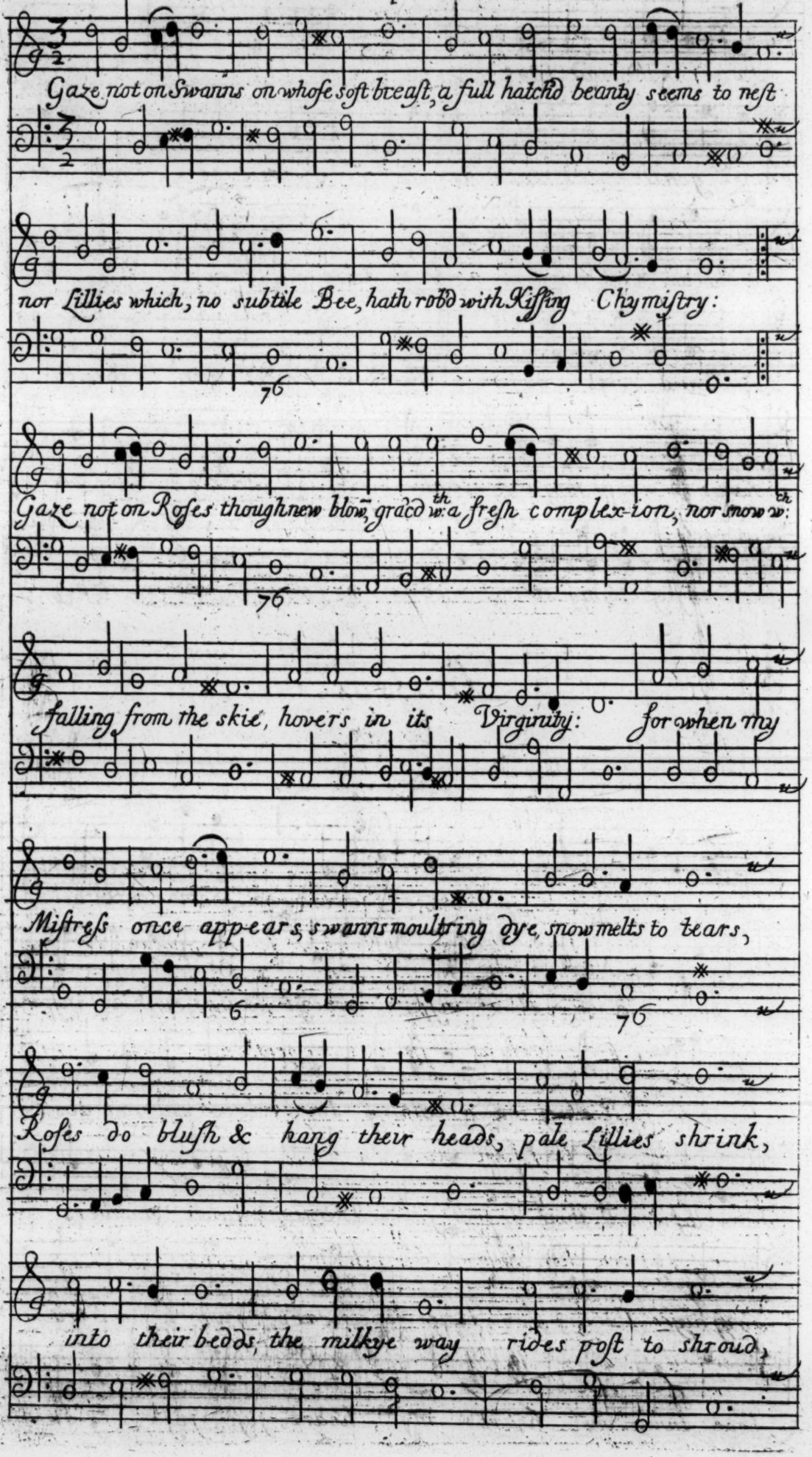
just to my Strings love tunes my heart my heart just just to my strings

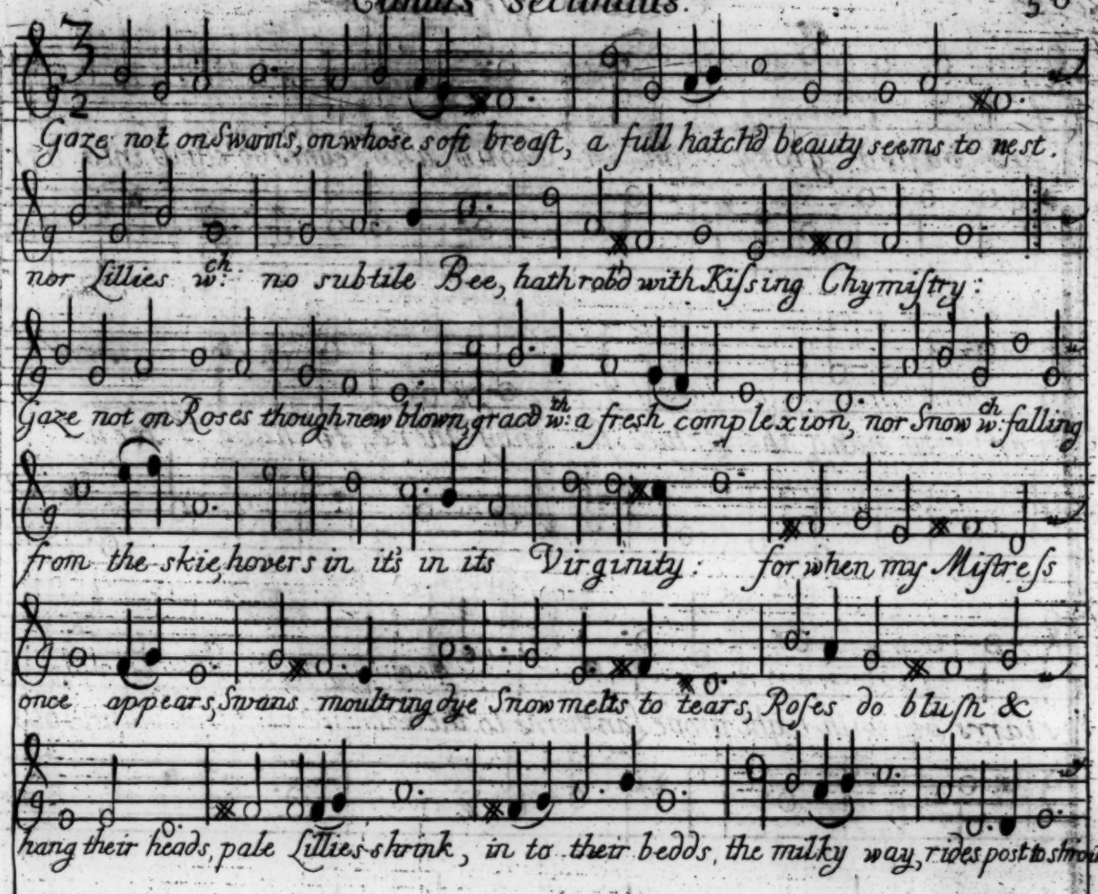
Love smild and from my en-fee bled Lyre.
came gentle airs, such as in-spire inspire gentle aires
such as inſpire, mel-ting love, — — mei — — — ting
Love and ſoft deſire: Farwell farwell then Heroes farwell
Kings, and mighty numbers mighty things, Love tunes my
heart, juſt to my ſtrings, love tunes my heart juſt juſt to my strings:

Baſsus

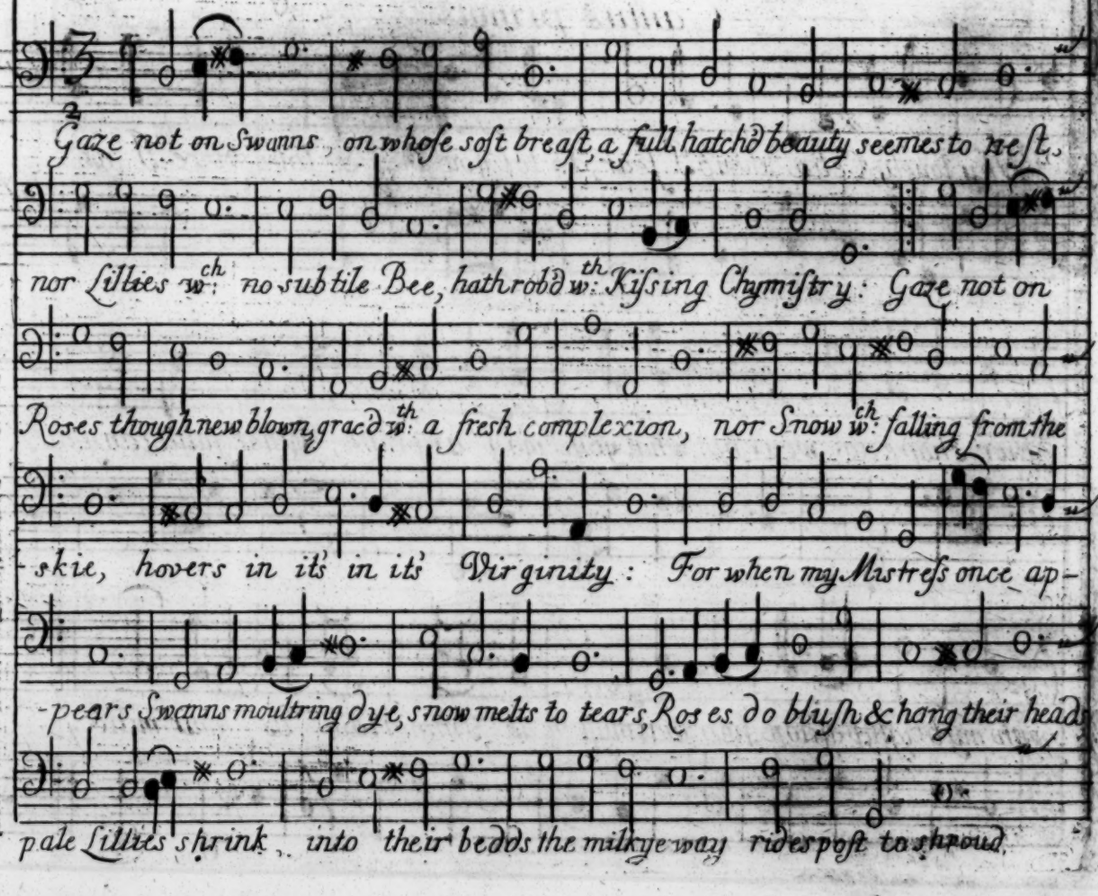
Love smild and from my en-feebled Lyre, came gentle airs,
came gentle airs, such as inſpire, came gentle airs, such as inſpire
mel — ting love, melting love love and ſoft desire:
Farwell farwell then Heroes farewell Kings and mighty numbers
mighty things, Love tunes my heart, juſt to my Strings
love tunes my heart, my heart, juſt, juſt to my Strings.

Cantus primus.




Gaze not on Swanns, on whose soft breast, a full hatchd beauty seems to nest.
nor Lillies w:ch no subtile Bee, hath robd with Kissing Chymistry:
Gaze not on Roses though new blown, gracd w:th a fresh complexion, nor Snow w:ch falling
from the skie hovers in its in its Virginity: for when my Mistress
once appears, Swans moultring dye Snow melts to tears, Roses do bluish &
hang their heads, pale Lillies shrink, in to their bedds, the milky way, rides post to shroud

Bassus.


Gaze not on Swanns, on whose soft breast, a full hatchd beauty seemes to nest.
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Roses though new blown, gracd w:th a fresh complexion, nor Snow w:ch falling from the
skie, hovers in its in its Virginity: For when my Mistress once ap-
pears Swanns moultring dye, snow melts to tears, Roses do bluish & hang their heads
pale Lillies shrink, into their bedds the milkye way rides post to shroud.

Cantus primus.

its baſled glory in a Cloud, and Pearles do climb, into her

ear, to hang themſelves, for envy there, ſo have I ſeen

ſtarrs big with light, prove Lanthorns to the mooney'd night, w.ch when Sol's

rayes, do once diſplay, ſink in their ſockets & decay:

Cantus primus.

Why lovely Celia ſhould I fear, to tel you that I love, ſince I no

other ſhape can wear, but what you may approve, What fault can you

with my brightp aſsion find, that muſt be as Immortall as your mind:

it's baſled glory in a Cloud, & Pearles do climb, into her ear, to hang them-
-ſelves, for envy there, so have I seen, Starrs big w^th: light prove Lanthorns to ye mooney
night, w^ch: when Sols rayes, do once diſplay, sink in their Sockets & decay:

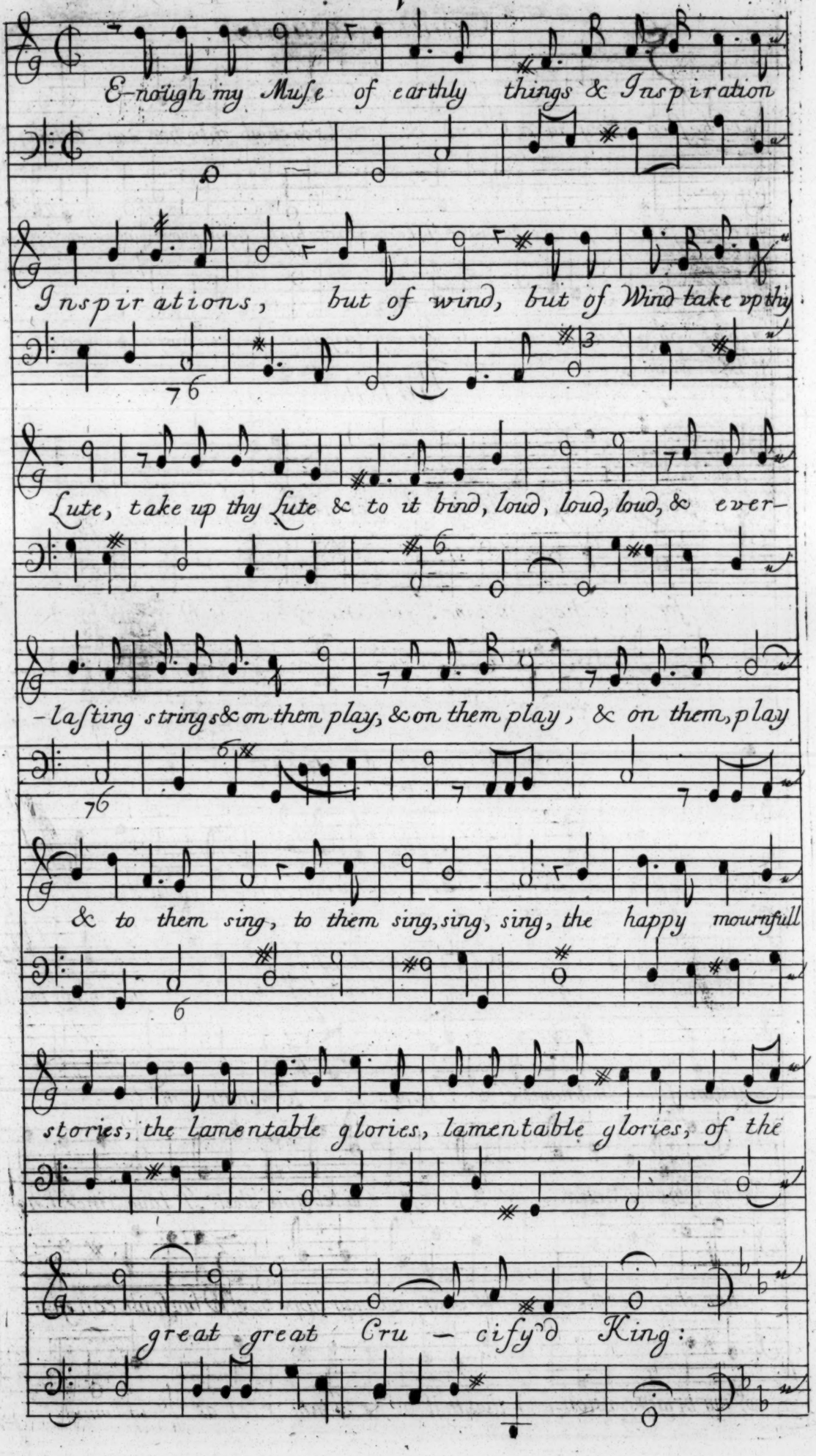
Baſsus.

it's baſled glory in a Cloud, & Pearles do climb, into her ear, to hang them
ſelves, for envy there, so have I seen, Starrs big w^th: light, prove Lanthorns
to the mooney night, w^ch: when Sols rayes do once diſplay, sink in their sockets & decay:

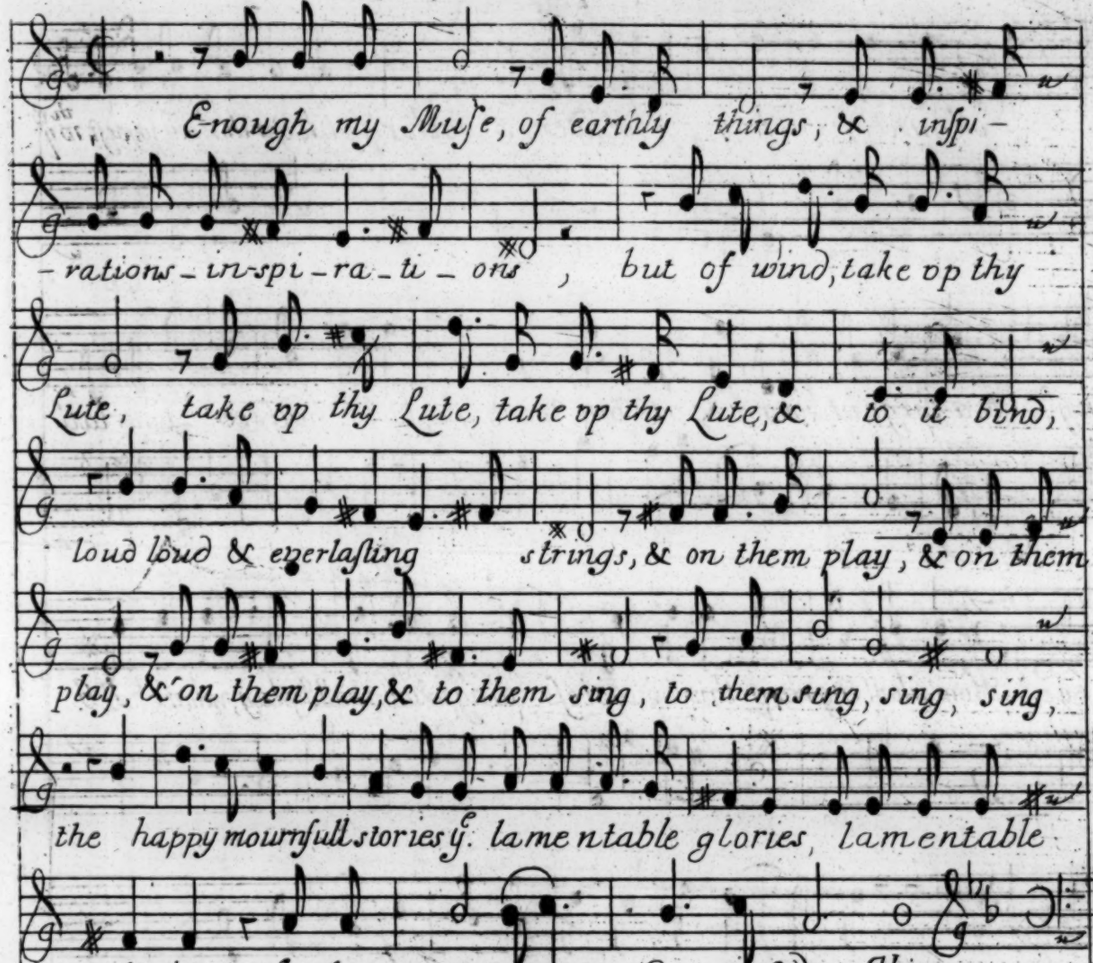
Cantus secundus

Why lovly Celia shoud I fear, to tel you that I loue, since I no
other shape can wear, but what you may approve. What fault can you w^th: my bright
paſsion find, that muſt be as Immortall as your mind:
Why louely Celia shoud I fear, to tel you that I loue, since I no
other shape can wear; but what you may approve. What fault can you
w^th: my bright paſsion find, that muſt be as Immortal as your mind

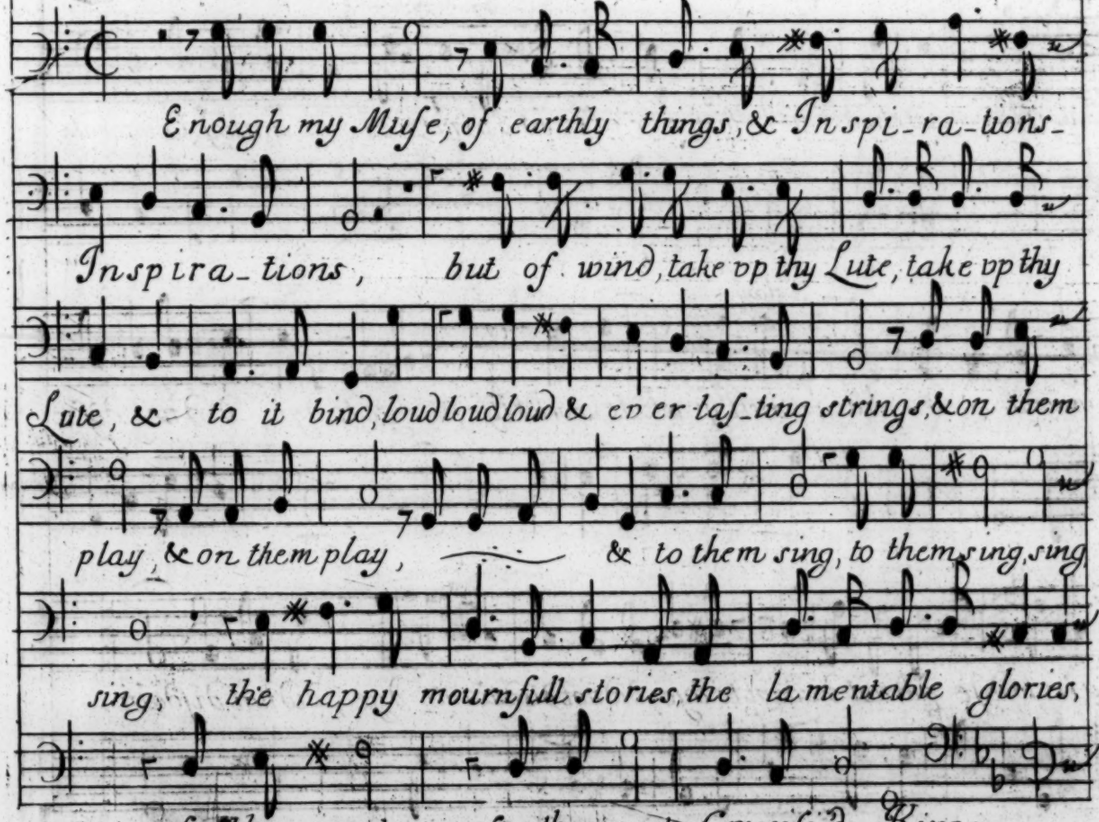
Cantus primus



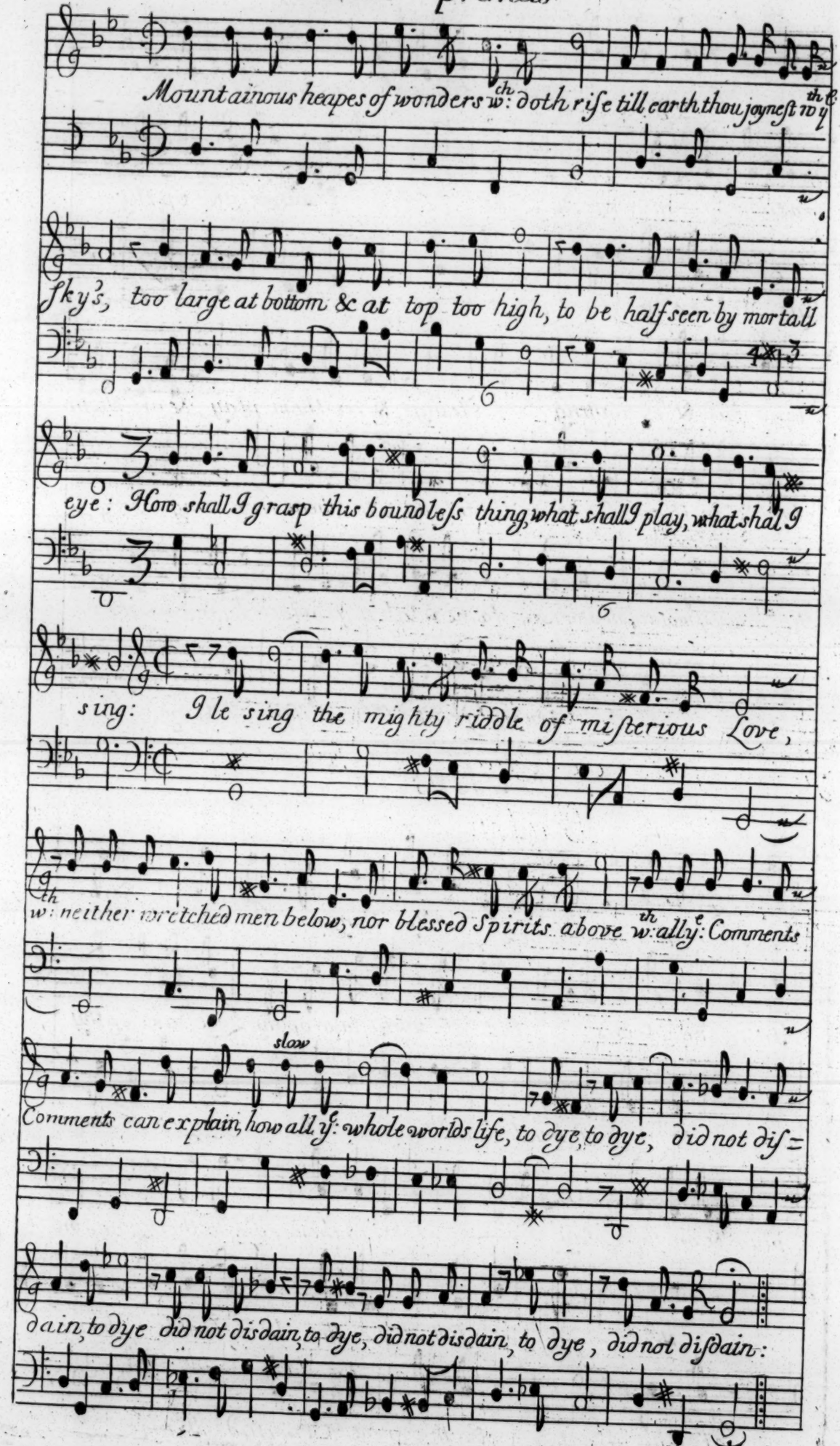
Cantus secundus.

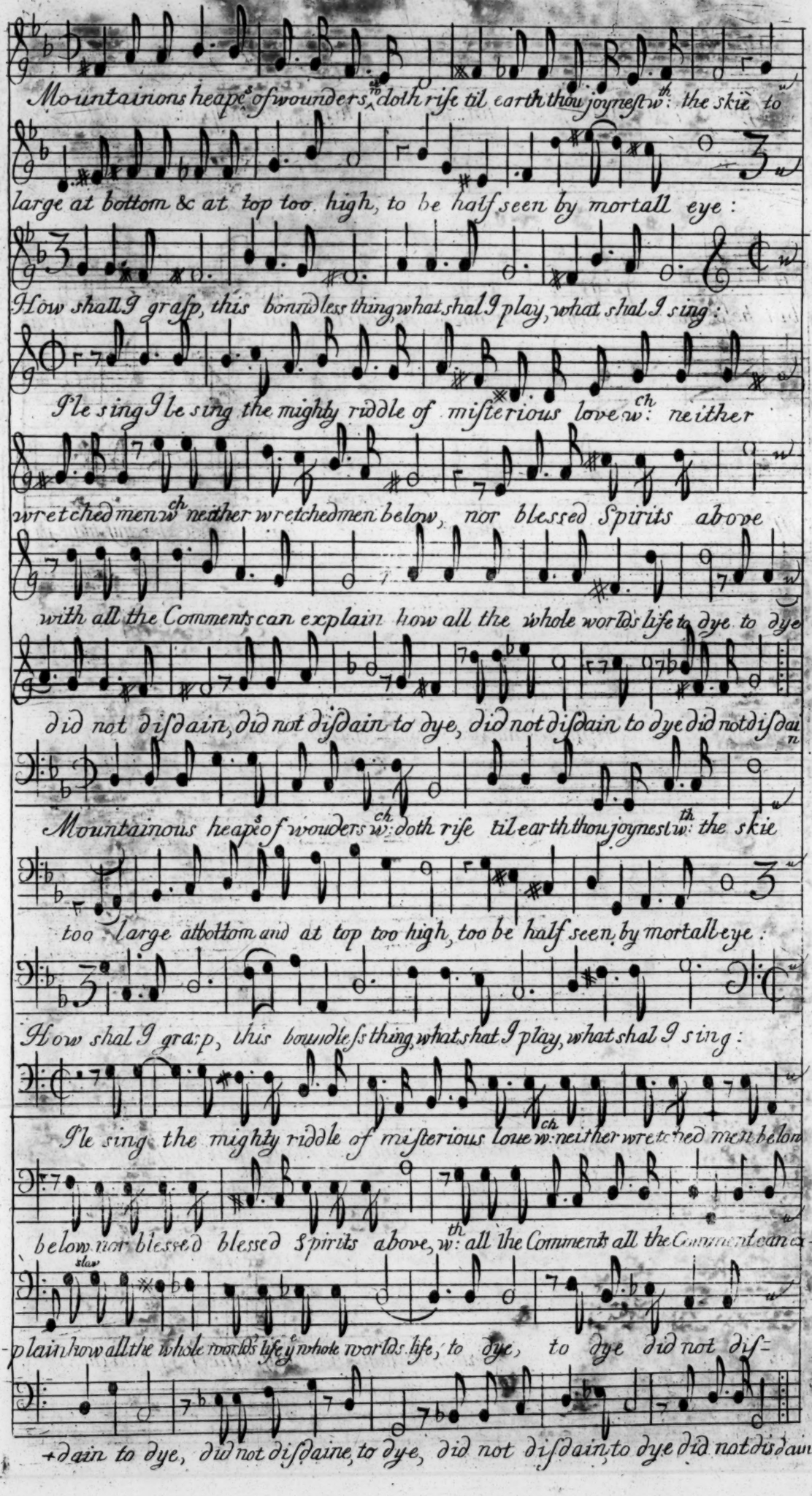


Bassus



Cantus primus




Mountainions heapes of wounders, doth rise til earth thou joynest w: the skie to
large at bottom &c at top too high, to be half seen by mortall eye:
How shall I grasp, this bonndless thing what shal I play, what shal I sing:
I'le sing I le sing the mighty riddle of misterious love w: neither
wretched men w: neither wretchedmen below, nor blessed Spirits above
with all the Comments can explain how all the whole worlds life to dye to dye
did not disdain, did not disdain to dye, did not disdain to dye did not disdain
Mountainous heapes of wouders w: doth rise til earth thou joynest w: the skie
too large at bottom and at top too high, too be half seen by mortall eye:
How shal I grasp, this bounddless thing, what shat I play, what shal I sing:
I'le sing the mighty riddle of misterious love w: neither wretched men below
below nor blessed blessed Spirits above, w: all the Comments all the Comment can ex-
plain how all the whole worlds life, whole worlds life, to dye, to dye did not dis-
dain to dye, did not disdaine, to dye, did not disdain, to dye did not disdain

Cantus primus.

Good folke good folke for love or hire, but help me to a Cryer,

but help me to a Cryer, for my poor heart is run - - - - - astray,

after two eyes that past this Way. Oyes. Oyes, if there be any man in

Town or Country, can bring me my heart again, can bring me my hearta-

-gain I'l please him for his pain, I'l please him for his pain I'l please him

for his pain; And by these marks I will you show, that only I this heart do

owe, and by these marks I will you show, that only I this heart do owe.

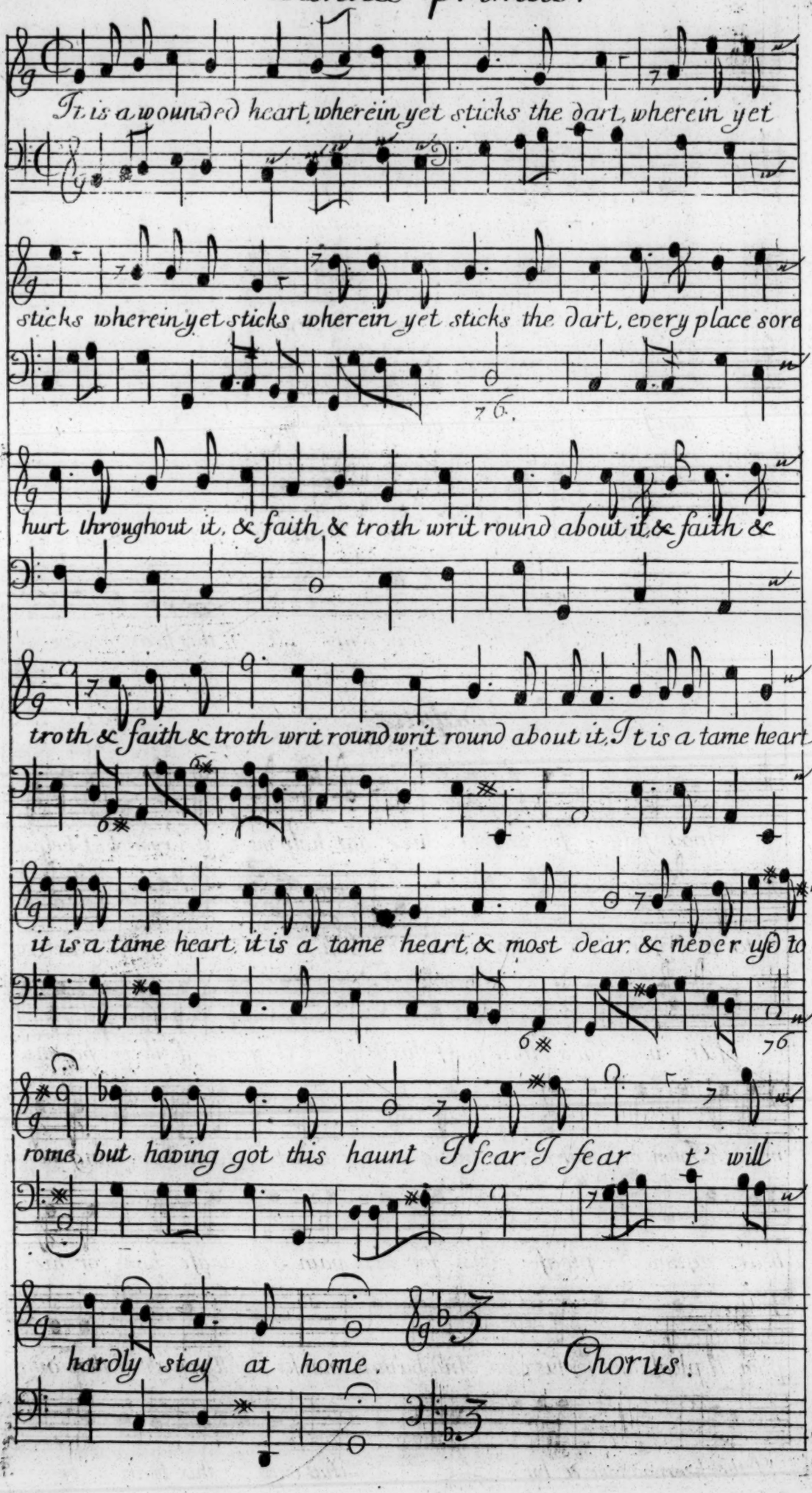
Cantus secundus
sive Tenor.

Good folke for loue or hire, good folke but help me to a Cryer, for my poor
heart is run - - - - - - - - - astray, after two eyes that past this
Way, O yes, O yes, O yes can bring me my heart again, I'l
please him for his pain, I'l please him for his pain, And by these marks I
will you show, that only I this heart do owe. and by these
marks I will you show, that only I this heart do owe.

Bassus.

Good folke for love or hire but help me to a Cryer, but help me
to a Cryer, for my poor heart is run - - - - - - - - - astray,
after two eyes that past this Way, O yes, if there be any
man in Town or Country, can bring me my heart again, can bring me my
heart again, I'l please him for his pain, I'l please him for his
pain, I'l please him for his pain, And by these marks I will you show, that only
I this heart do owe, & by that only I this heart do owe.

Cantus primus.



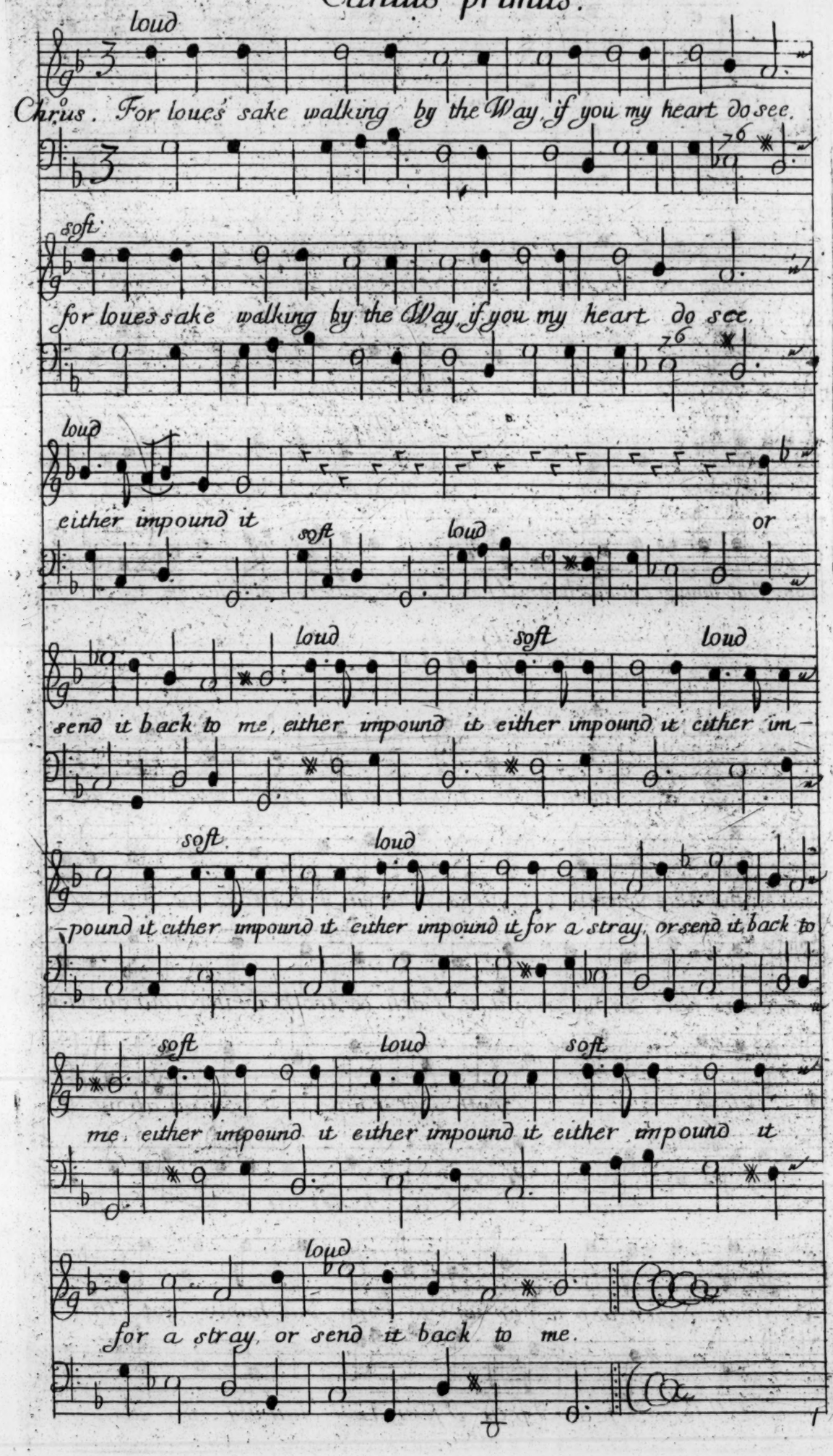
Cantus secundus.

It is a wounded heart, wherein yet sticks ye dart, wherein yet
sticks wherein yet sticks wherein yet sticks the dart, every place sore
hurt throughout it, & faith & troth writ round about it, & faith & troth
& faith & troth writ round writ round about it, It is a tame heart
It is a tame heart, it is & most dear, & never us'd never us'd to
rome, but having got this haunt I fear. I fear. I fear twil hardly stay at home.

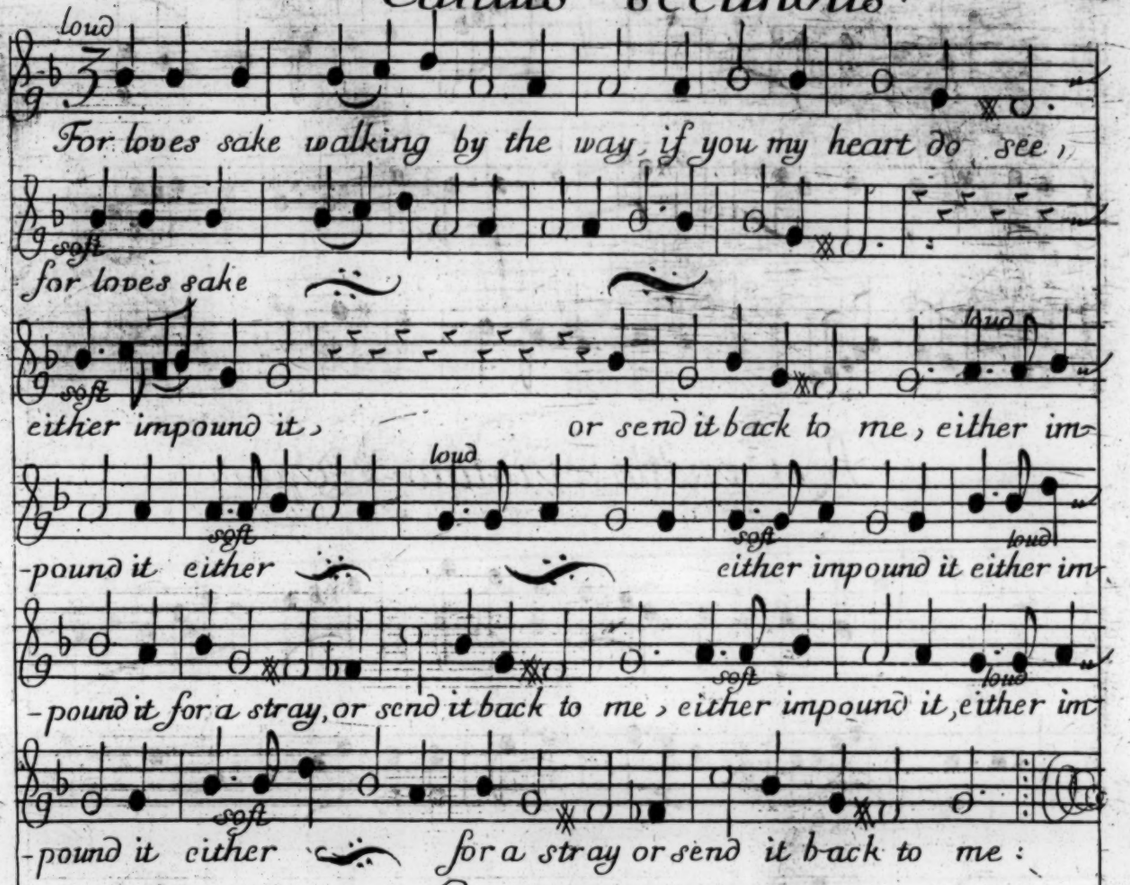
Bassus.

It is a wounded heart, wherein yet sticks wherein yet
sticks the dart, wherein yet sticks wherein yet sticks the dart, every
place sore hurt throughout it, & faith & troth writ round about it,
& faith & troth & faith & troth writ round writ round about it,
It is a tame heart it is a tame heart, it is & most
dear, & never us'd never us'd to rome, but having got this
haunt. I fear. I fear I fear I fear twil hardly stay at home.

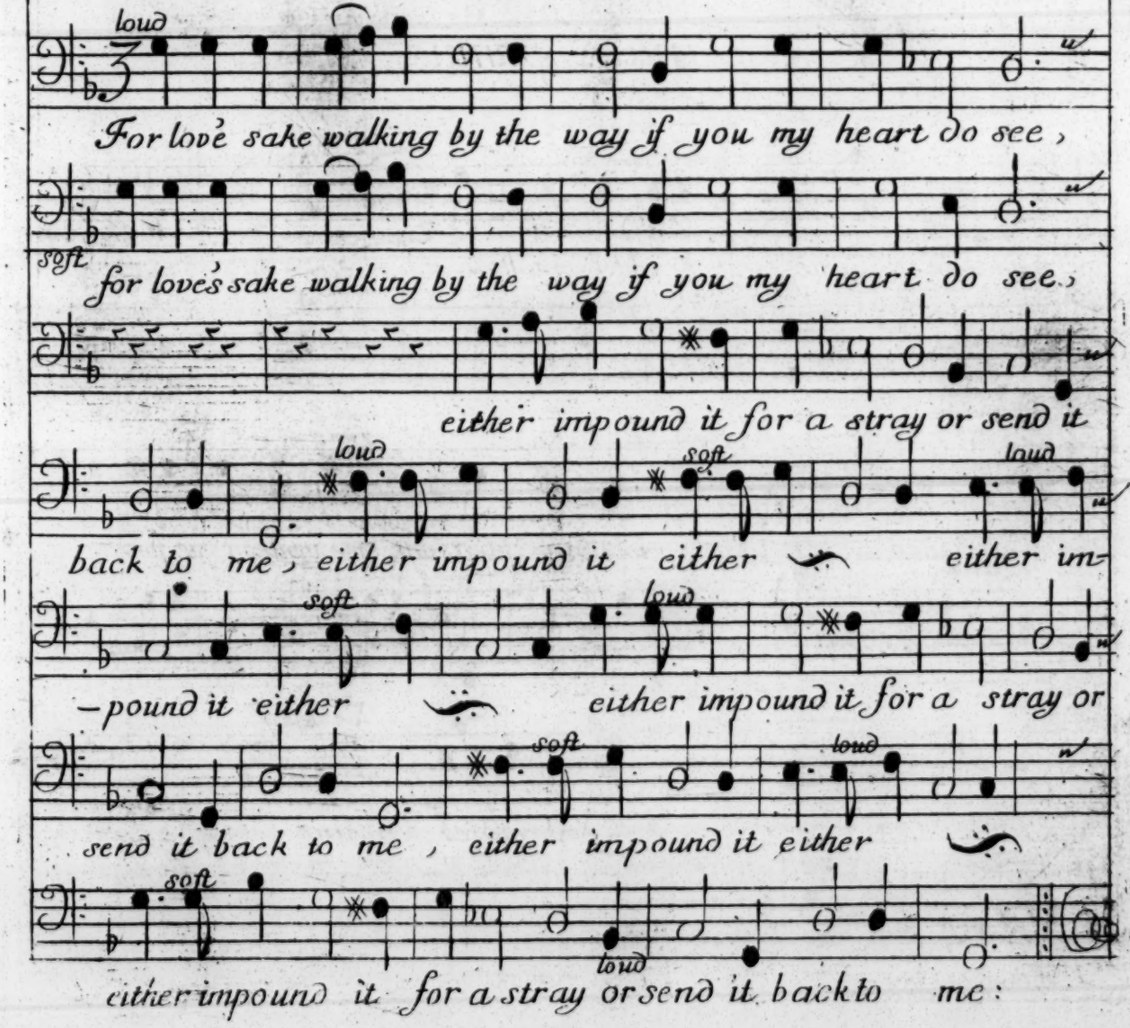
Cantus primus.



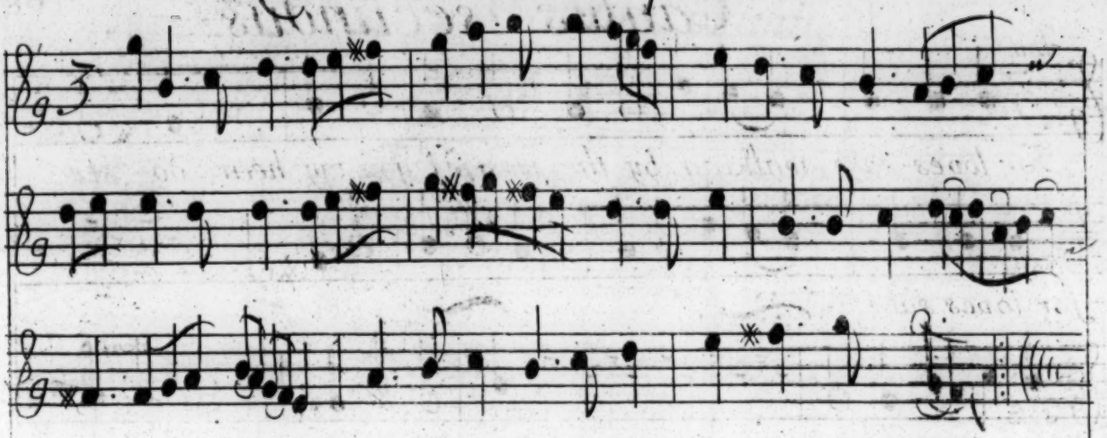
Cantus secundus.



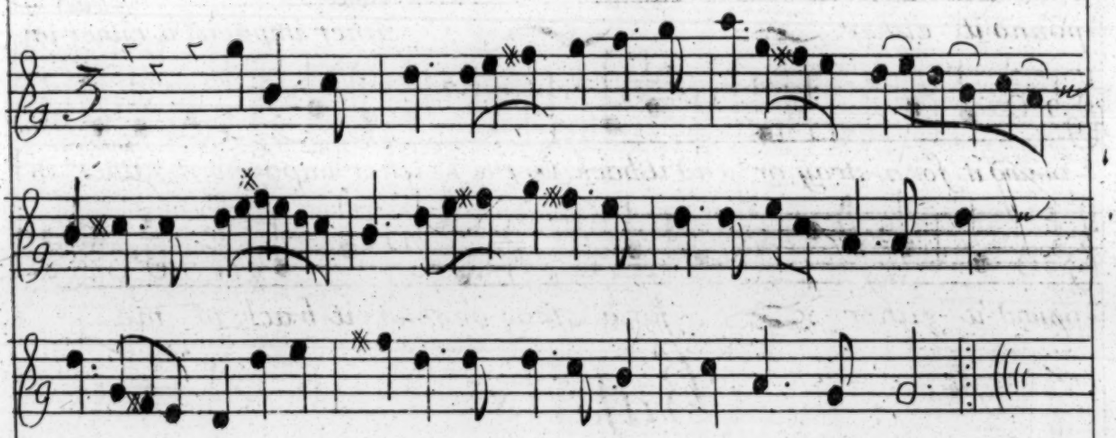
Baſsus.



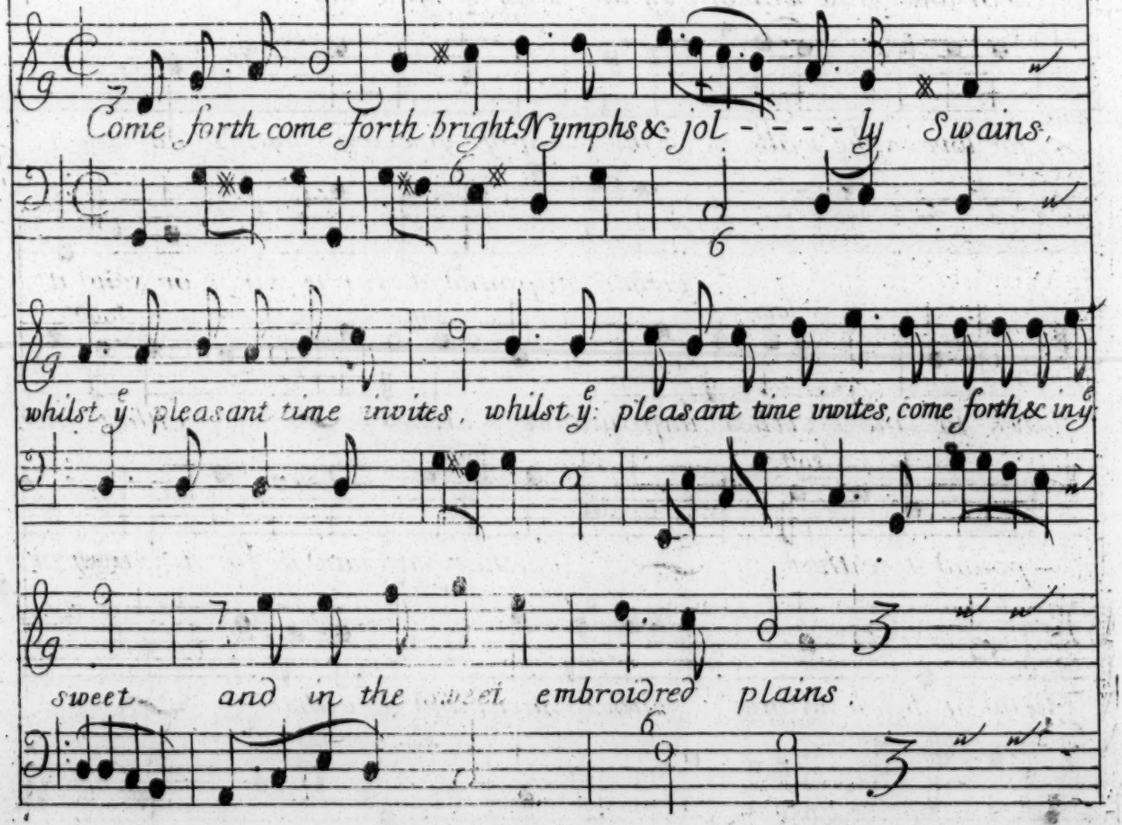
Ritornello Violino primo.



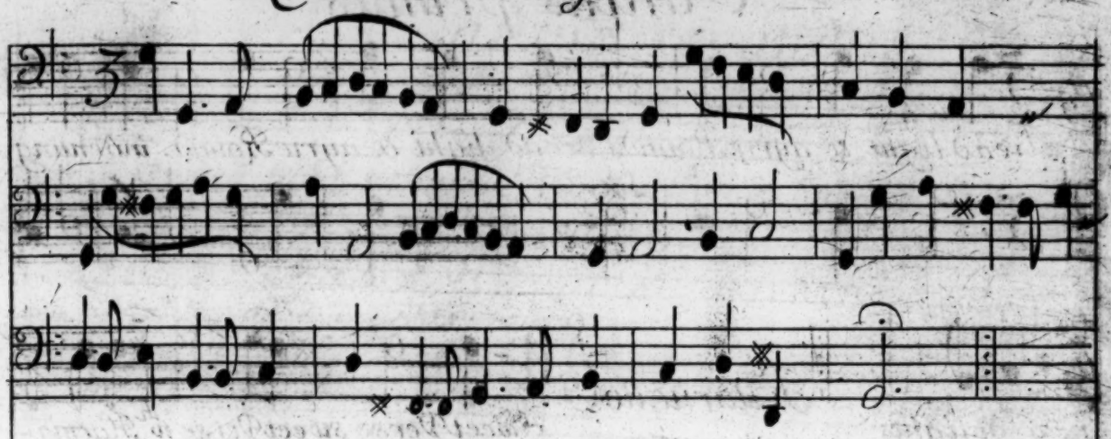
Retornello Violino secundo.



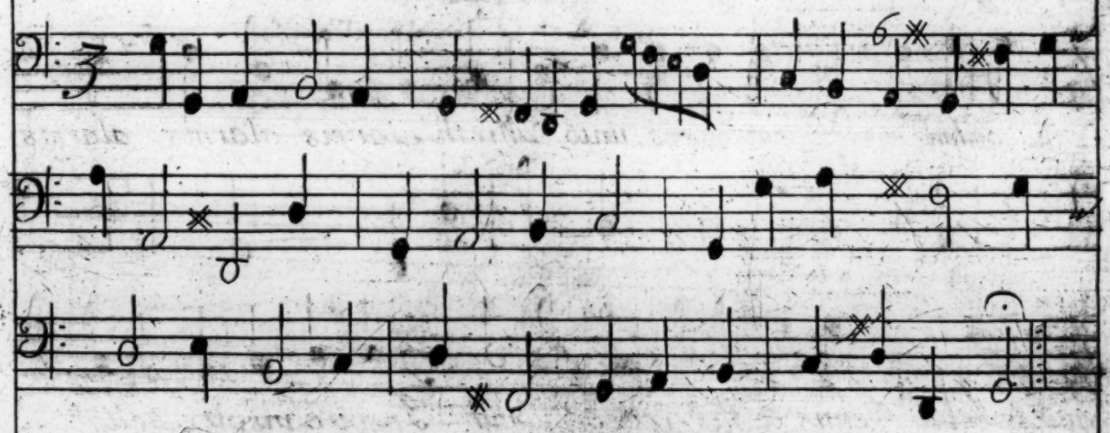
Cantus primus.



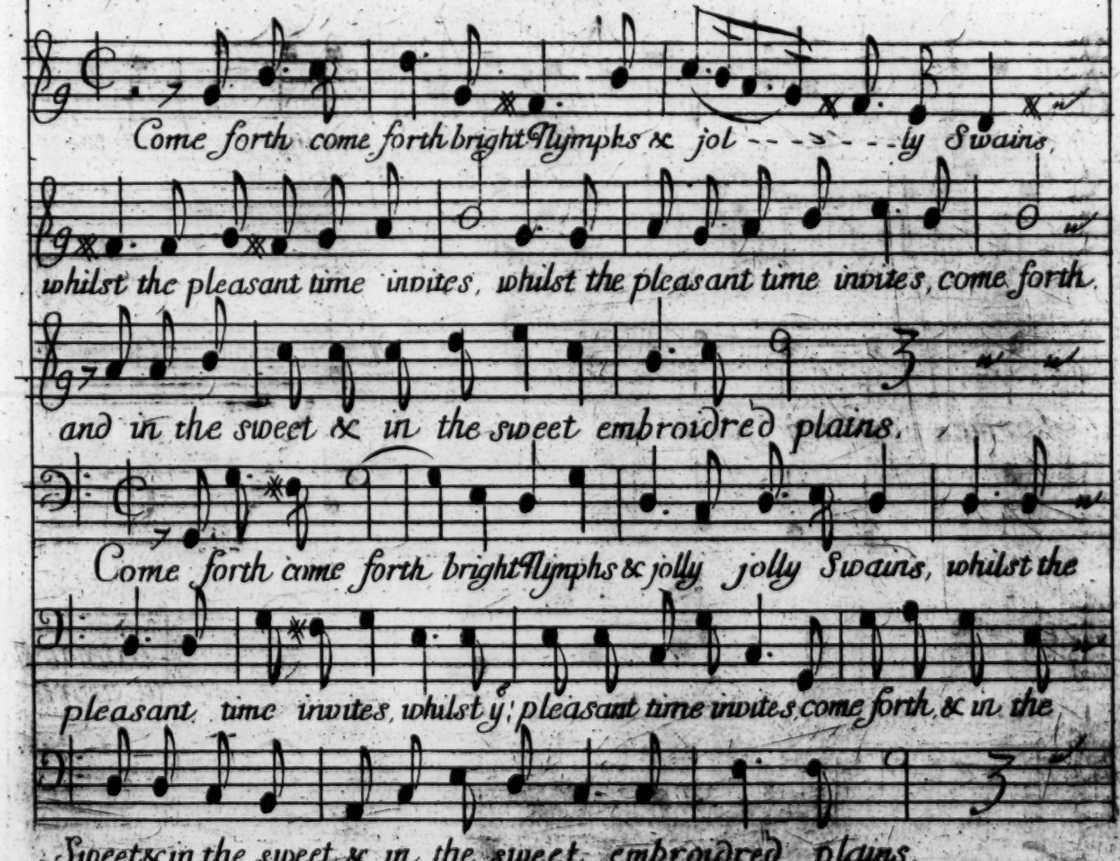
Ritornello Basso Violono.



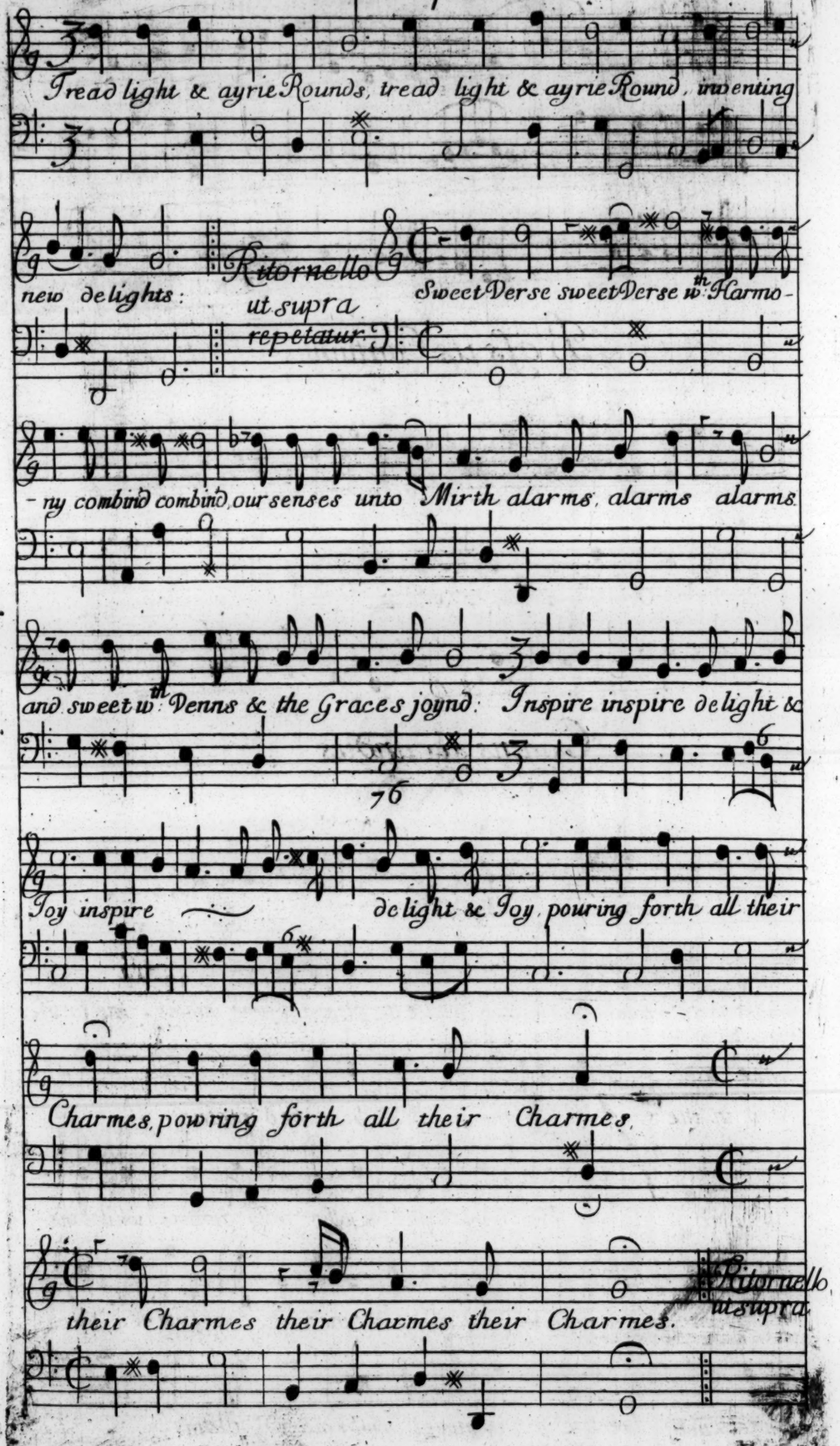
Bassus Continuus.



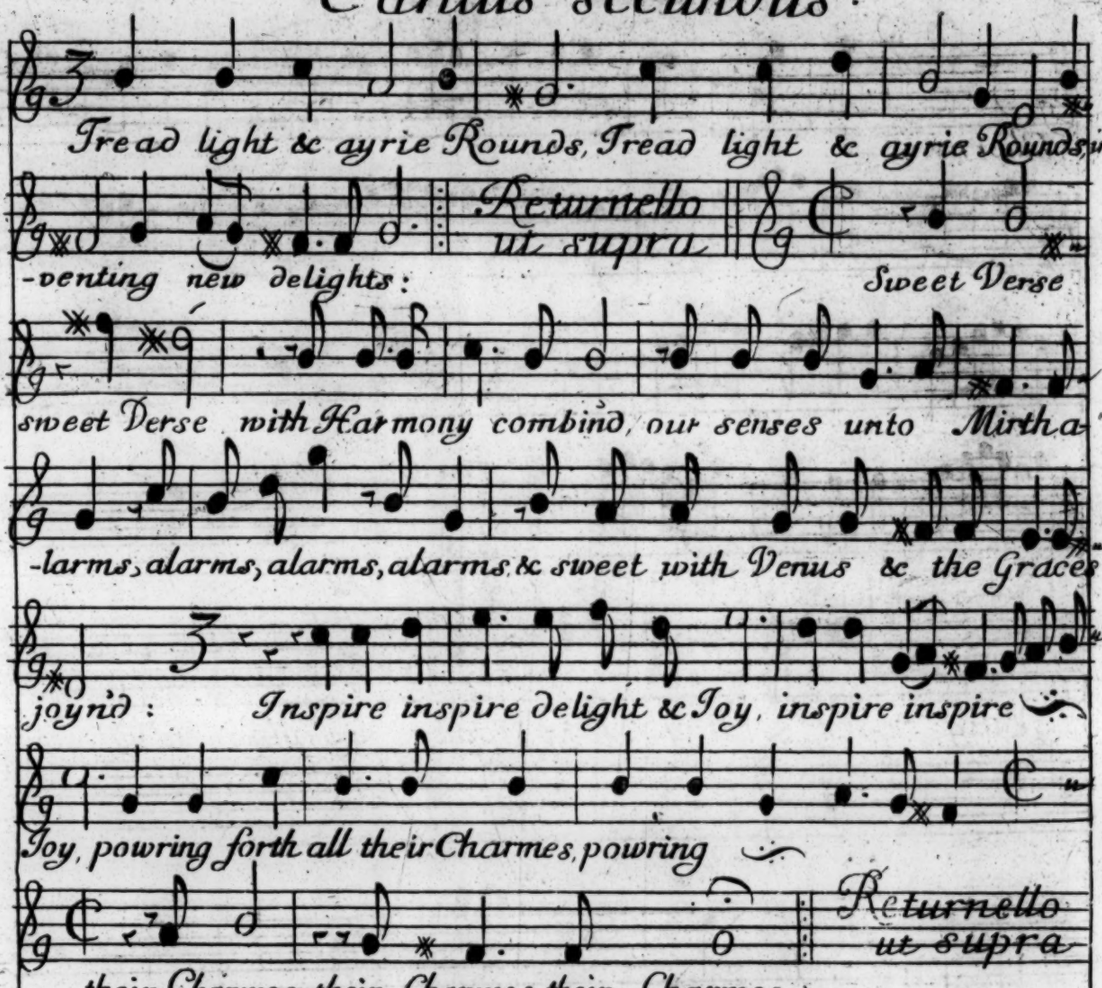
Cantus secundus.



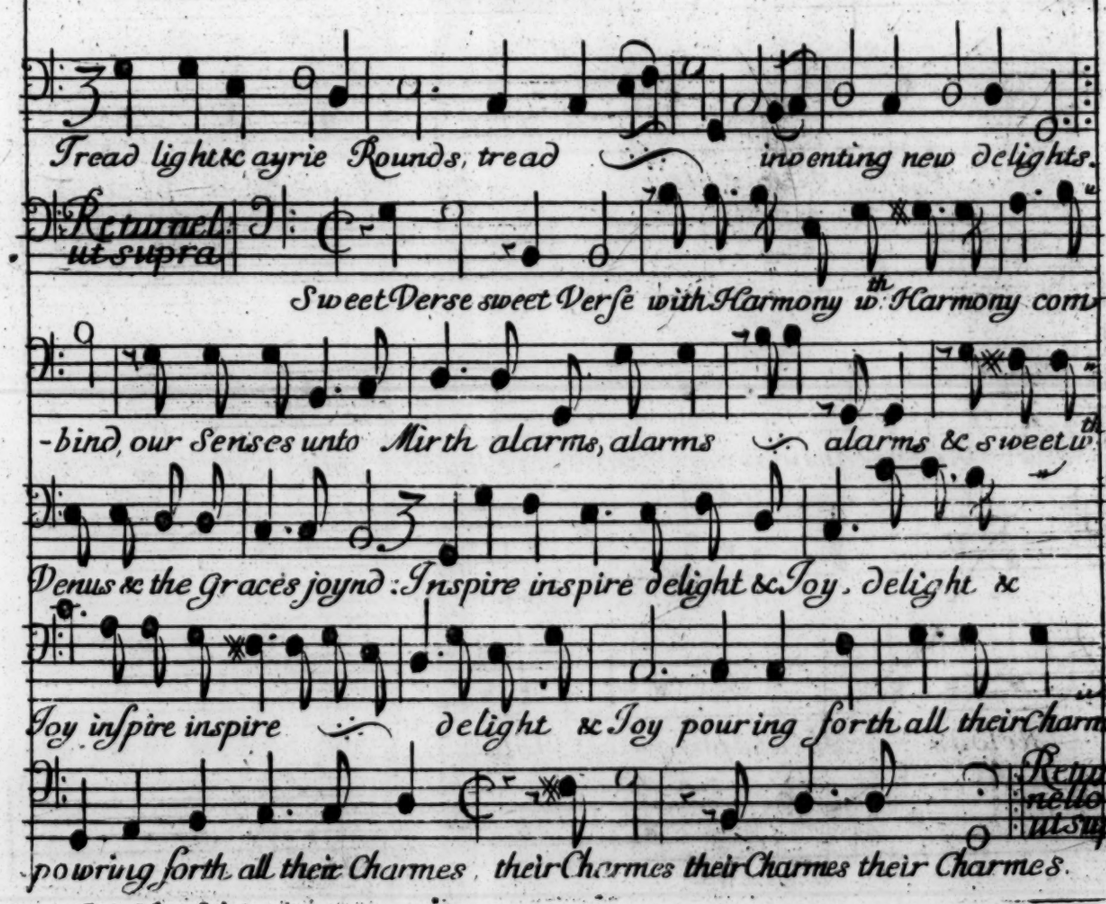
Cantus primus.



Cantus secundus.



Bassus.



Cantus primus.

Chorus.

Sing dance & play, sing dance & play, having your

temples crownd crownd with fair Chaplets fresh &

gay, sing dance & play, sing dance & play,

whilst the neighbouring Woods resound, your feast your feasting

Melody still keeping Holy day.

Chorus

Cantus secundus.

Violino secundo.

Cantus secundus.

Sing dance & play, sing dance & play, having your temples
crownd crownd with fair Chaplets fresh & gay, sing dance & play
sing dance & play, whilst the neighbouring woods resound,
your feast your feasting Melody, still keeping Holy-day.

Basus.

Sing dance & play, sing dance & play, having your
temples crownd crownd with fair Chaplets fresh & gay,
Sing dance & play, sing dance & play, whilst the
neighbouring woods re-sound, your feast your feasting
Melody, still kee-ping Holy day.

Cantus primus.

Great good & just could I but rate, my grief my grief & thy. to rigid fate,

I'd weep I'd weep the world to such a strain, that it should deluge once again,

But since thy loud lungd blood demands supplies, more from Briareus

hands then Argus eyes. I'l sing, I'l sing thine obsequies with Trumpets, with

Trum - - - - - - - - - - pets with Trum - - - - - pets sound, with

Trum - - pets sound wth Trumpets sound. And write thine Epitaph & write thine Epitaph

& write wth blood & wounds, & write thine Epitaph wth blood & wounds.

Great good & just, could I but rate my grief my grief & thy to rigid fate,

I'd weep I'd weep the world to such a strain that it should deluge once again.

But since thy loud tongd blood demandes supplies, more from Briareus

hands then Argus eyes, I'l sing I'l sing thine obsequies with Trumpets wth Trum-

- - - - - - - - pets wth Trum - - - - pets sound with Trum - - pets sound

with Trumpets sound, And write thine Epitaph & write & write thine

Epitaph, wth blood & wounds & write thine Epitaph wth blood & wounds.

Bassus

Great good & just, could I but rate my grief my grief & thy to

riged fate, I'd weep I'd weep the world to such a strain, that it should deluge on-

ce again. But since thy loud tongd blood demands supplies, demands supplies,

more from Briareus hands then Argus eyes: I'l sing I'l sing thine obsequies with

Trumpets with Trumpets wth wth wth trumpets wth Trum - - - - pets sound, with

Trum - - - - pets sound wth Trumpets sound & write thine Epitaph & write

& write thine Epitaph wth blood & wounds & writ wth blood & wounds

Cantus

Mourn all yee Groves, in blacker shades be seen, let Groans be heard

where gentle Winds have been, yee Dorian Rivers, weep the Fountains dry,

and all yee Plants your moisture spend & dye; yee melancholly flowers y.t

were once men, lament, lament, untill yee be transformd again, let every

Rose pale as the Lilly be, & Autumn damp seize on th' Anemony.

But thou o Hyacinth, more vigrous grow, thy mournfull Letters in sad Glory

show, enlarge thy griefe, and flourish in thy woe, for Bion the beloved Bion's

Chorus

dead his Voyce is gone, his tunefull Breath is fled, Come all yee Muses come,

Chorus

come adorn your shepherds Herse, w^th^: never dying Musick w^th^: never

never dying Verse, w^th^: never never dying Verse: Come all yee Mu-

ses come adorn your Shepherds Herse, w^th^: never dying Musick never dying Verse.

Cantus secundus
Chorus.

Come all yee Muses come, come adorn your Shepherds

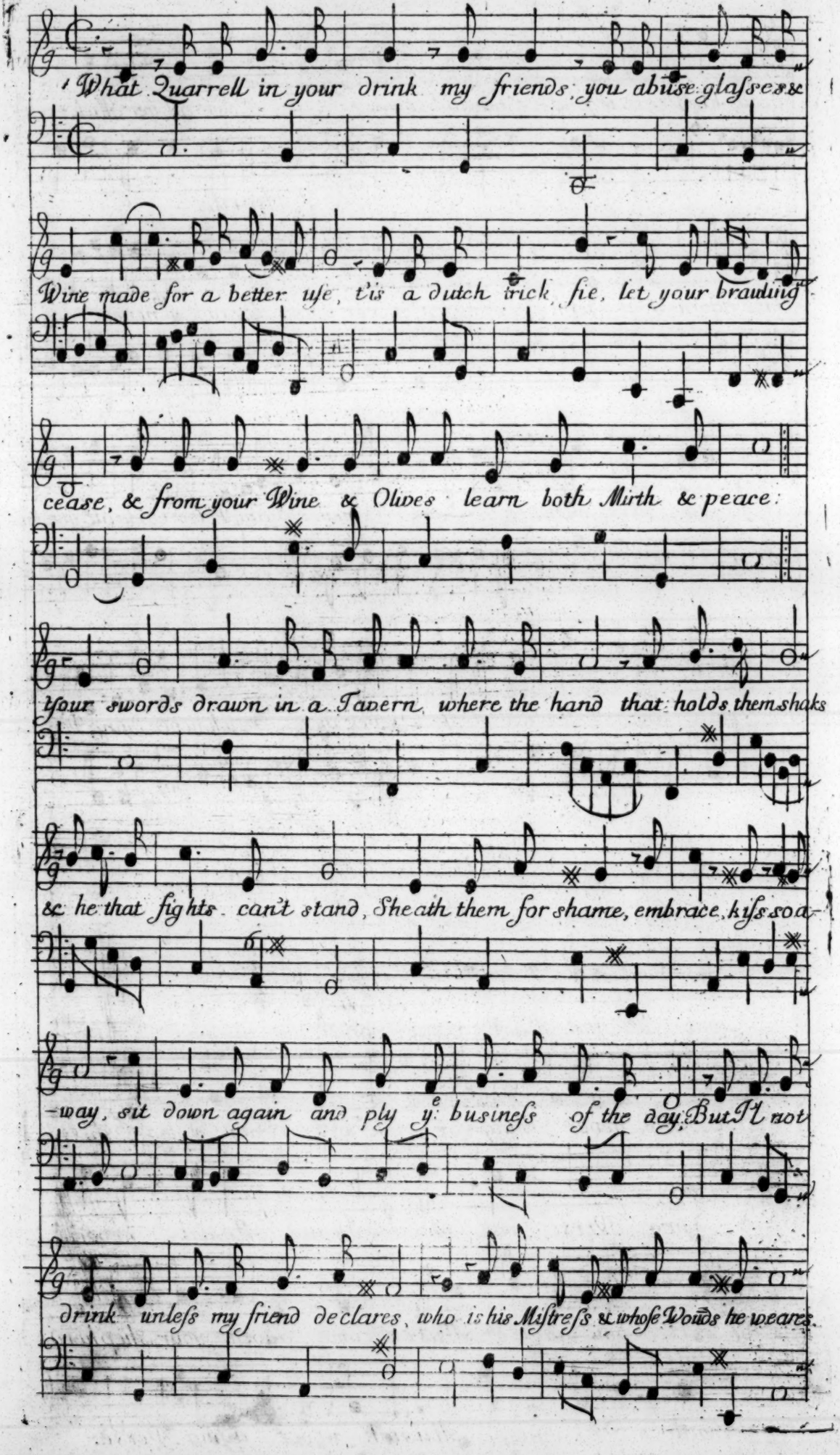
Herse, with never dying Musick, with never dying Musick,

never dying Verse, with never dy-ing Musick, never

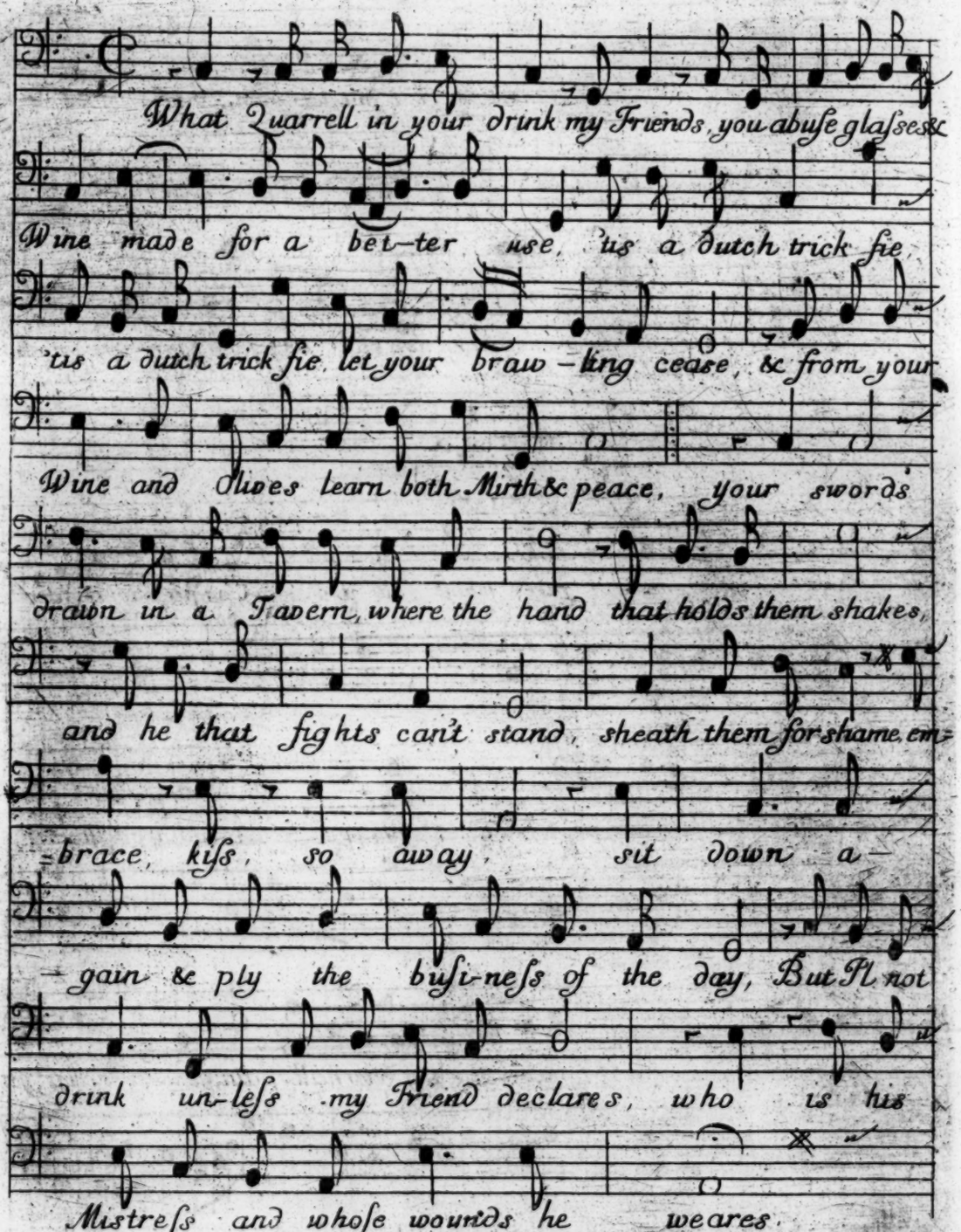
dying Verse, Come all yee Muses come, adorn your Shepherds

Herse, with never dying Musick never dying Verse.

Cantus.


What Quarrell in your drink my friends, you abuse glasses &
Wine made for a better use, tis a dutch trick, fie, let your brauling
cease, & from your Wine & Olives learn both Mirth & peace.
Your swords drawn in a Tavern, where the hand that holds them shaks
& he that fights can't stand, Sheath them for shame, embrace, kiss & a-
-way, sit down again and ply y^e^ business of the day. But I'l not
drink unless my friend declares, who is his Mistress & whose Woods he weares.

Baſsus.


What Quarrell in your drink my Friends, you abuſe glaſses &
Wine made for a bet-ter use, 'tis a dutch trick ſie,
'tis a dutch trick ſie, let your braw-ling cease, & from your
Wine and Olives learn both Mirth & peace, your swords
drawn in a Tavern, where the hand that holds them shakes,
and he that fights can't stand, sheath them for shame em-
-brace, kiſs, so away, sit down a-
-gain & ply the buſi-neſs of the day, But I'l not
drink un-leſs my Friend declares, who is his
Miſtreſs and whoſe wounds he weares.

Cantus.

Whence comes ye glance from what sweet killing eye, that sinks his hopes so

low he mounts his Muse so high. Wilt thou not, tel Tom Drawer whats to

pay if youre reserv'd I' neither drink nor stay, or let me goe, or out wit, she

she must be worth naming sure, whose fate it was to Conquer to Conquer thee

Speak softly she, forbid it powers above, unhappy Youth unhappy Youth

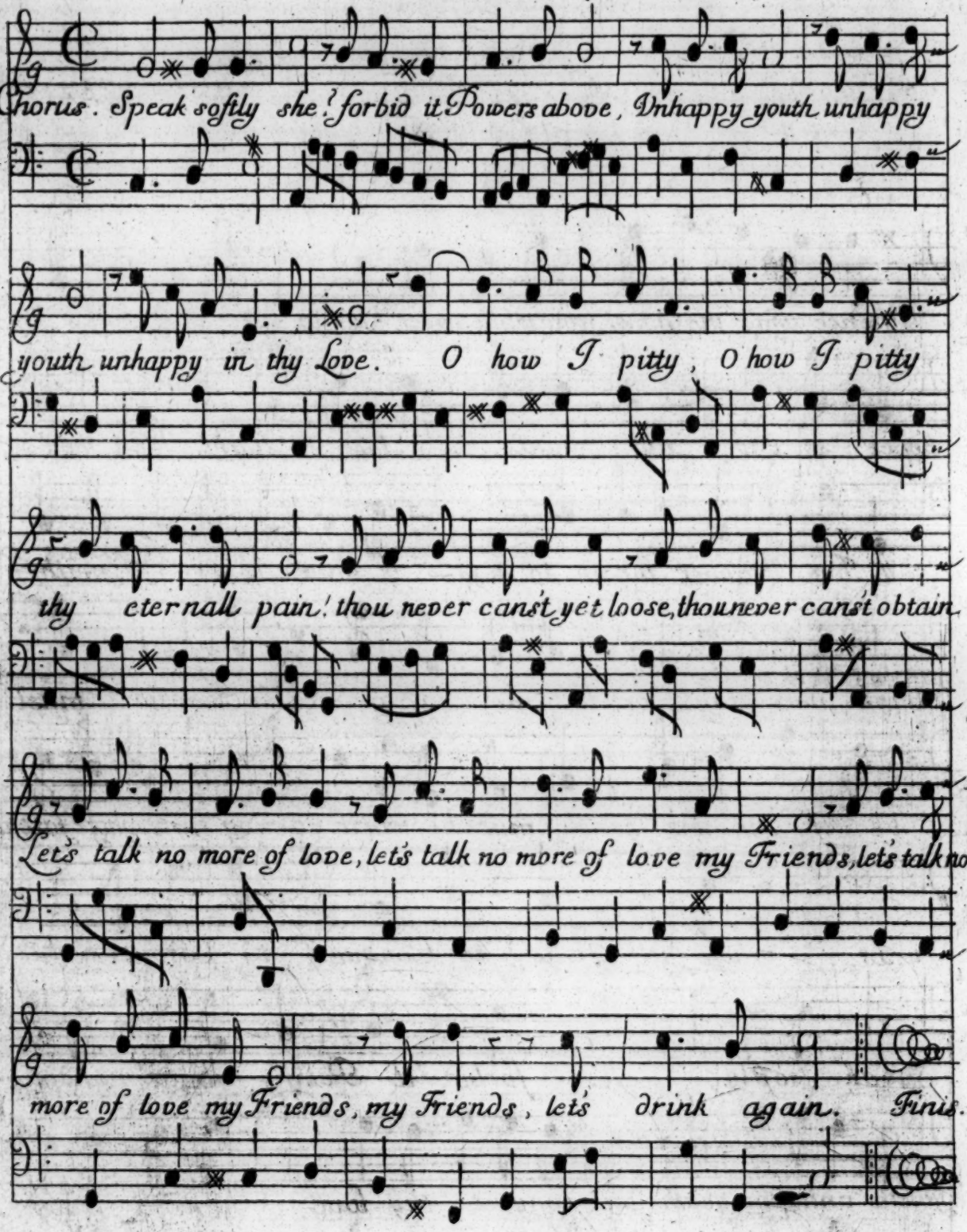
unhappy in thy love, O how I pitty thy eternall pain, thou never canst yet

loose, thou never canst obtain, let's talk no more of love my friends, let's drink again.

Bassus.

Whence comes the Glance, from what sweet kill-ing eye, that sinks his
hopes so low, and mounts his Muse so high; Wilt thou not
tell Tom Drawer, what's to pay. if your'e reserv'd I'l neither
drink nor stay, or let me go, or out wit, she must
be or out wit, she must be, worth naming sure, whose fate it
was, whose fate it was, to Conquer to Conquer thee.
Speak softly, she, forbid it Powr's above, unhappy
youth unhappy youth unhappy in thy love, O how I pitty
thy eter-nall pain, thou never canst yet loose, thou never never canst
obtain. Let's talk no more no more of love my friends my friends lets drink again.

Cantus primus.



Tabula.

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Adieu my Cornelia.	5	Cast Clarissa.	33
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Long have I sought.	13	Nay do not blush.	37

Cantus secundus.

Chorus. Speak softly, she! forbid it Powers above, unhappy youth, unhappy
youth, unhappy in thy Love. O how I pitty
o how I pity thy eternall pain! thou never canst yet loose,
thou never canst obtain. Let's talk no more of love, let's talk no
more of love, let's of love my Friends, my Friends,
my Friends, let's drink again.

Bassus

Chorus. Speak softly, she! forbid it Powers above, unhappy youth, unhappy
youth, unhappy in thy Love. O how I pitty thy eternall pain! O how I
pitty thy eternall pain! thou never never canst yet loose, thou never canst obtain.
thou never canst obtain Let's talk no more let's of love, let's talk no more of
love my Friends, of love my Friends, my Friends, let's drink again. Finis.

Tabula.

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